Contributors

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE, though spokesman and impresario for Cubist and other modern painters, and a highly renowned French writer early in this century, remains largely untranslated. JOHN CAMERON published two of his translations of Apollinaire in a recent issue of *The Prairie Schooner*. He presently teaches French at Cornell College.

WILLIAM C. BAUM teaches political science at Creighton University.

MARGARET BENNETT is the *nom de plume* of June Biermann and Barbara Toohey. Miss Biermann is the head librarian at Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys, California; Mrs. Toohey is periodical librarian there.

PAUL CARLSTEN is familiar to our readers as the author of "Black Nationalism . . ." which appeared in the last issue of NAR.

WILLIAM CHILDRESS is presently a ranch foreman. He has worked as a paratrooper, "barber, mail-carrier, and digger of interminably long ditches . . ." His work has appeared in *Poetry, Mademoiselle,* and elsewhere.

THOMAS CLARK is spending the year at Caius College, Cambridge, England, on a Fulbright grant. He is now poetry editor of *The Paris Review*.

WILLIAM DEBBINS, guest editorial writer, teaches philosophy at Cornell College.

OTTO W. FICK is an associate professor of English at California State College at Los Angeles. He is currently working on a book on Henry James.

TURNER LAKE is from Chatfield, Minnesota. He has worked as a jazz pianist and newspaperman. This is his first publication as a poet.

JOHN LOGAN is the author of two books of poetry, *Cycle for Mother Cabrini* and *Ghosts of the Heart*.

KEN MACRORIE, associate professor of English at Western Michigan University, is the author of *The Perceptive Writer, Reader, and Speaker*.

IRVING MARANTZ has exhibited at the Carnegie Institute, The Whitney Museum of American Art, The Corcoran Galleries, and elsewhere. He has taught at and directed the Provincetown School of Painting for the past 15 years.

WILLARD MARSH is a free lance writer, formerly assistant professor of English at the University of Southern California. He now lives in Ajijic, Mexico. His work has appeared in many magazines and short story collections.

JOHN PAUKER was born "at 0632 Balkan time, January 26, 1920, across the street from the National Museum in Budapest, Hungary." He lists his education as "dubious."

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FRANK POLITE is from Youngstown, Ohio, and once "won the Youngstown University English Society Prize for poetry. At the time I was president of the society and influenced the panel in my favor."

DAVID RANKIN is still in pursuit of Truth at St. Lawrence Seminary in upstate New York.

EDWARD TELLER is currently at The University of California at Davis where he is chairman of the newly formed Department of Applied Science. His present research is concerned chiefly with the peaceful applications of nuclear energy.

LEWIS TURCO is the author of *First Poems* and *The Sketches*. His third book, *Poems 1954-1964*, "is now looking for lodgement."

VERCORS is the *nom de guerre* of the French novelist and essayist Jean Bruller. Two of his best-known works are *The Silence of the Sea* and *You Shall Know Them*. His essay on modern art was translated into English by his wife.

*

Our reviewers this time are: JEROME MAZZARO, NAR's eastern editor and winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship for the coming year; ROBERT LONG who will be at Columbia this fall; RICHARD REICHARD, history professor and global gadfly; familiar tastemakers OGDEN DWIGHT, DAVID JOHNSON, BERNARD E. RICHARDSON, ROBERT DANA; and ARMARIUS about whom virtually nothing is known.

The Anarchist's Dictionary

Alabama
The only government compelled to call in out-of-staters to grade literacy tests.

Ally
An enemy of your enemy.

Campaign
A democratic device which permits two rival millionaires, or a general and a millionaire, or a millionaire and a friend of millionaires to compete for the support of voters at the polls.

China
A small island off the coast of Asia.

Conscience of a Conservative
A substitute for thought.

Foreign Service
Employed tourists.

Immaculate Conception
The one thing missing from a nominating speech.

Income Tax
Your contribution to the greatest show on earth.

Iowa
Tall grass between Chicago and Denver.

John Birch Society
A political organization supported by chocolate covered nuts.

Johnson, Lyndon B.
"He who rules Texas rules the world."
—Pectorus, 4th century A.D.

Peace
A period of confusion for politicians.

Politician
Instant gush.

Politics
The art of feeding public prejudice for private gain.

Russian
An Oriental capitalist.

Russians
Descendants of a hitherto unknown son of Noah who, upon hearing of the flood, invented the umbrella.

David O. Rankin

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The North American Review

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Pro

MYTH AND REALITY

College professors are supposed to be reasonable men. Because of this, people ask me constantly, "How can you possibly support Barry Goldwater?" Clearly their question suggests that Senator Goldwater is so unreasonable, imprudent, and irresponsible that no reasonable man could support him or his position. The obvious answer to their question is that either I am not so reasonable as they suppose me to be, or Senator Goldwater is not so unreasonable, imprudent, and irresponsible as they suppose him to be. I can hardly be expected to accept the first alternative. I have no hesitation in accepting the latter. The Goldwater I support is not the Goldwater his critics are against. This, essentially, is what separates us.

Take the so-called issue of extremism and Senator Goldwater's refusal to repudiate the support of the rank and file membership of the John Birch Society. It seems incredible to me that intelligent and mature people can see this as a major issue. All one need do in order to cut through the entire semantic quibble is to ask oneself two questions: (1) has Senator Goldwater ever advocated or condoned any illegal or improper forms of political activity, and (2) has he refused to commit the fallacy of condemning an entire group of people because of the principles advocated by a few or the actions done by some? The answer to the first question is obviously No, and no one has seriously sug-

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Con

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

"I'm not a philosopher. I'm a salesman trying to sell the conservative view of government."—Barry Goldwater

"It's not what you say, it's how you say it—because personality always wins the day."—Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*

War and Weapons

7/10/64 Persistent reports of a Goldwater interview with the German magazine *Der Spiegel.* Sample question: Would President Goldwater go to the brink of war? "Yes," Goldwater replied, "just as your country has used brinksmanship down through the years and done so very, very successfully."

Scranton shocked at reports that Goldwater told the German interviewer that if he were the President, faced with the problem of South Viet Nam, he would "turn to my chiefs of staff and say: 'Fellows, we made the decision to win. Now the problem is yours.' "

At a news conference Goldwater confirmed that he had made such statements to the *Der Spiegel* reporter during his interview.

7/11/64 Delegate John Dellenbeck of Oregon asked Goldwater to explain his views on giving European military commanders control of nuclear weapons.

Goldwater said his views had been misquoted. The law clearly gives the President

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gested the contrary. The answer to the second question is obviously Yes, and would seem to be the only position a reasonable man could take. Why, then, has "extremism" become an issue and what accounts for the confusion surrounding the term? Simply because Senator Goldwater's critics are concerned not with understanding his position, but with distorting it in order to make an "issue" of it. The performance started when Governor Nelson Rockefeller began his drive for the Republican presidential nomination. Making "issues" is supposed to be good politics. Let us hope that the voters will not be taken in by this one. The delegates to the Republican convention were not.

Or take the so-called issue of Senator Goldwater's policy on the use of nuclear weapons. Months have passed since the Senator appeared on the television program which gave rise to the charge that he was "trigger happy" and "irresponsible" in regard to the use of nuclear weapons in South Vietnam. Months have elapsed —I repeat—yet there are some seemingly well-informed people who still believe that Senator Goldwater advocated the use of atomic weapons in the jungles of North and South Vietnam. At least a few responsible newspapers have apologized for attributing such statements to the Senator. The transcript of the program is available to anyone who wants to trouble himself to read it. Yet these seemingly well-informed people still refer to this "issue" as the main reason why they are "afraid" to vote for Senator Goldwater. Perhaps these same individuals should ponder a tongue in cheek story which is making the

rounds. When Senator Goldwater was asked at a press conference how he would have reacted to the attack on our destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin, his reply was that he would have issued orders to "shoot to kill" and "bomb the mainland bases." By these rash remarks, the story goes on, the Senator showed how unqualified he was for the awesome responsibility of being President of the United States.

Senator Goldwater's vote against the 1964 civil rights bill is at least a real issue, but an is-

Con

sole decision-making power in the use of nuclear arms, he said, and "I can't change the law." Goldwater said he was not talking about long range or intermediate ballistic missiles, but "I am concerned about the small weapons, the kind that can be fired from the shoulder or from aircraft.

"I am fearful of a delay if the Russians might attack and we would have to reply with conventional weapons."

7/16/64 Goldwater before a Republican rally demanding freedom for captive nations:

"Nor am I a warmonger . . . I don't really believe that you can stop an idea by killing people." He said the way to win the cold war is to replace Communism with "the better idea" of freedom. Touching on how this might be done, he said, "Let's talk about our spiritual strength . . . Let's act as if we really thought that we are endowed by our creator with certain inalienable rights."

8/16/64 In Hershey, Penn., at the time of the Tonkin Gulf crisis, a reporter asks, "Do you mean that the President has given field commanders the right to use any weapons including atomic weapons?"

Said Goldwater: "I would suggest you read his admonition to the commander of the 7th fleet in which he said to use any weapons. Now, I think I know what he means, but I also know what I meant when I said that the supreme commander of NATO should have a little more say so in the choice of tactical nuclear weapons, not to give them the ICBM or the IRBM, but merely tactical weapons and I imagine that those people, although I don't know, in the Pacific have a right to use these weapons if the commander feels it's necessary."

A reporter asked for final clarification of what Goldwater meant, if he was recommending giving commanders in the Pacific the right to use tactical nuclear weapons. "Oh, no, no, no," Goldwater said, "I merely said that from the language the President used, if you want to believe language at its face value, the commander could use any weapons he chose. Now that in my book would include the whole inventory."

Finally, Goldwater said he had not meant to imply that the President had really authorized use of nuclear weapons in the Tonkin Gulf engagement.

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sue which has been confused by those whose vision is blinded by emotion. It certainly simplifies the controversy surrounding the 1964 civil rights bill to classify all who are for it as enlightened humanitarians and all who are against it as racists. Senator Goldwater, on the other hand, has drawn distinctions—as a reasonable man should—between those who are opposed to all, or part, of the 1964 civil rights legislation because: (1) they think it unconstitutional, (2) they are concerned about increasing government intervention in state and private affairs, (3) they are racists, and (4) all three of the above. The Senator was opposed to parts of the bill for the first of these reasons, and accordingly cast his vote against the entire bill. In so doing, he was fulfilling his senatorial duty of evaluating the constitutionality of the bill. Perhaps he was wrong; I do not know. But in the middle of a drive for his party's presidential nomination, and at a time when, by common consent, emotions surrounding the civil rights issue were at fever pitch, his action required exceptional calmness and restraint. Senator Goldwater's position is reminiscent of that of the late Senator Robert Taft, who, at the conclusion of World War II, when almost everyone was calling for vengeance against the Nazis, stood almost alone amongst his colleagues in opposing the Nuremberg Trials. Senator Taft's argument was that however morally justified the trials might seem, they violated a fundamental principle of American law: a man cannot be tried under an *ex post facto* law. Perhaps Senator Taft was wrong; I do not know. The late President Kennedy saw in this episode of Senator Taft's career a "profile in courage." There are few who would call Senator Robert Taft unreasonable.

In the space allotted, I have been able only to sketch the Goldwater I support and the Goldwater his critics are against. And one is certainly entitled to object that my Goldwater is not the real Goldwater at all, but a figment of my imagination. How else can one account for the fact that so many people have a different image of the Senator? I would like to suggest an explanation.

We live in an age of sophistry. According to tradition, the Sophists were a group of itinerant teachers in ancient Greece who would attempt, for a fee, to "make the better case appear the worse, and the worse appear the better." The sophists of today are the James Restons, the

Con

Extremism

7/10/64 Scranton quoted Goldwater's statement that "I am impressed by the type of people" in the John Birch Society and that "they are the kind we need in politics."

7/12/64 Goldwater declared he had no objection to a Republican platform plank condemning the John Birch Society if one could be written also to include some 1,300 other organizations.

7/17/64 Goldwater's acceptance speech: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

7/18/64 In what became a far-ranging news conference, Goldwater offers his first personal defense of his extremism statement. Of his now celebrated words he said, "I'll never change them; in fact, I intend to talk at great length" on the subject.

8/10/64 In a "Dear Dick" letter signed "Barry," the contents of which are released for publication, Goldwater said: "If I were to paraphrase the two sentences in question in the context in which I uttered them I would do it by saying that whole-hearted devotion to liberty is unassailable and that half-hearted devotion to justice is indefensible."

8/13/64 After the Hershey, Penn., meeting with Ike, Nixon, Scranton, Rockefeller, and Romney:

"I seek the support of no extremist —of the left or right . . . We repudiate character assassins, vigilantes, Communists and any group such as the Ku Klux Klan that seeks to impose its views through terror or threat of violence."

Civil Rights

3/8/60 Goldwater, in *The Conscience of a Conservative*: "I believe it is both wise and just for negro children to attend the same schools as whites, and that to deny them this opportunity carries with it strong implications of inferiority. I am not prepared, however, to impose that judgement of mind on the people of Mississippi or South Carolina, or to tell them what methods should be adopted . . . That is their business, not mine."

6/20/64 Goldwater voted against the civil right bill, branding two sections of it "unconstitutional."

6/11/64 Negro delegate George A. Parker questions Senator Goldwater on civil rights.

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Pro

Walter Lippmans, the Drew Pearsons, and a few other newspaper columnists and television commentators. Now many people find it difficult and time consuming to do the work necessary for understanding Senator Goldwater's position. They find it much easier and quicker to let someone else tell them what his position is. And so they read the sophists. It is for this reason, I think, that they do not arrive at a true understanding of the Senator and a true understanding of his position.

In the academic world, when one is interested in understanding a man, it is considered bad practice to accept the testimony of the man's critics. One who is seriously interested in knowing what kind of a man Senator Goldwater is and what his position is should attend carefully to his television appearances and should read carefully his books and the transcripts of his speeches in those newspapers which publish the full text. Those who do this may discover that the Senator is a reasonable, prudent, and responsible man—a man well qualified for the presidency of the United States.

WD

Con

How, asked Parker, could Goldwater "consistently and in good faith" enforce the new civil rights law after voting against it on grounds that two of its provisions were unconstitutional?

"Sir," said the Senator, "you are questioning my honesty and I should resent it but I won't . . . All my life I have been opposed to discrimination. If I am your President I will do something about this, and in more ways than the law, because I don't think this is a problem that can be completely solved in law."

8/13/64 Hershey, Penn. Michigan's Governor George Romney: "I understand Goldwater's private position on civil rights, and it is fine. But why not put the same position publicly?"

Goldwater: "My position is one of total opposition to segregation. As a member of the NAACP, and a founder of the Urban League in my state, I have expressed this position. I have and will continue to bend over backwards not to light the tinderbox of civil rights."

A Skeleton Key to Barry

7/16/64 Senator Goldwater called President Johnson "the biggest faker in the United States . . . Let him make an issue of who voted against the administration's civil rights bill. He's the phoniest individual who ever came along . . ."

7/17/64 Goldwater said he would not engage in "a personal attack" and would not delve "into rumors and gossip" about his opponent.

RPD

✠

WHAT'S IN AN ADJECTIVE?

With the death of Leo Szilard in June the world of science lost one of its greatest minds. Dr. Szilard was an eminent nuclear and biophysicist whose scientific pronouncements were highly respected by his fellow scientists. It was Szilard who collaborated with Albert Einstein on that famous letter to President Roosevelt (suggesting the possibility of developing an atomic bomb) in August of 1939.

But Szilard did not confine himself to his scientific enterprises. His concern for humanity was as great as his scientific ability. Along with other scientists who had helped develop the atomic bomb he attempted to influence the decisions concerning its use. In a petition directed to President Truman he suggested that the bomb not be used against Japan unless that country rejected the terms of a demand for surrender which had been publicized to the entire world. Other scientists argued that the bomb should first be publicly demonstrated in an un-

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inhabited area so that the Japanese government could appreciate the magnitude of this new weapon. These efforts were spectacularly unsuccessful.

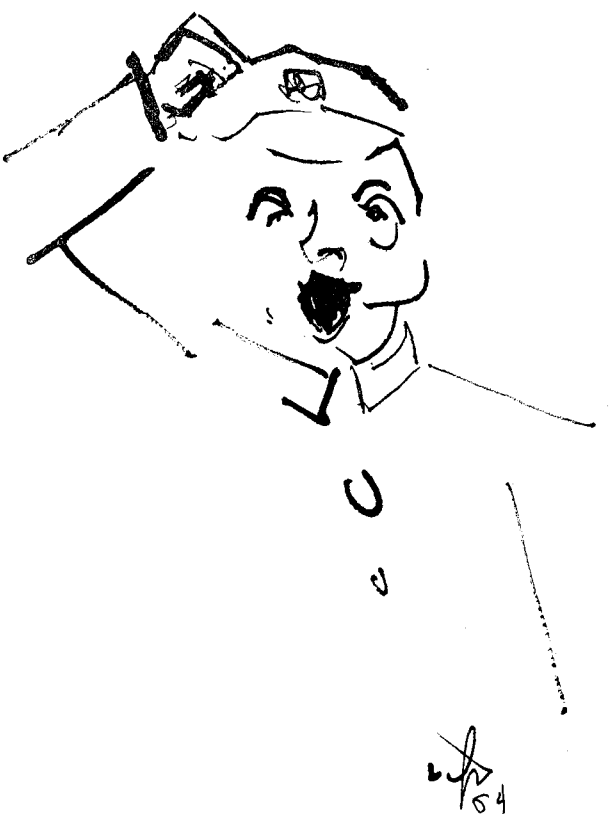
Through such organizations as the Society for Social Responsibility in Science and in the pages of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists many of the nation's scientists have continued in their attempts to influence national policy with regard to nuclear arms and the entire area of national defense. Although their success or failure has not been nearly so obvious, it cannot be said that efforts have met with anything resembling the triumphs of their laboratory achievements.

If we accept Adolf Berle's analysis the scientists' failures demonstrated their naivete in the field of politics. Accustomed to unparalleled success in their area of professional competence they somehow believed that this magic touch could be transferred to international politics. Their influence has been only somewhat more than minimal while, according to Berle, their proposals have ranged from intelligent to absurd.

Berle's conclusions do not seem to be completely supported by the facts. While it is certainly true that very few of the scientists' proposals have been accepted by those politicians and political scientists in power, this very fact makes it impossible to obtain an objective judgement on those proposals for they have obviously not been tested. And while the scientists have undoubtedly learned much about the science of power politics in their efforts to change its scope and certainly have much more to learn, it is not entirely clear, just from the record, that there is anybody out in front of them. At least the recent world wars, local wars, brush-fire wars, cold wars, preparations for massive retaliation etc. do not seem to give the present pretenders too many points.

The most obvious shortcoming of these amateur politicians was that they failed to master the *art* of politics. They simply did not persuade enough people in the right places to their point of view. There may have been some scientists in this group who could be termed naive but they did not include Leo Szilard. Nor was he among those whose efforts in this regard were half-hearted or transitory. He worked determinedly and energetically from the beginning. But in 1960, realizing the magnitude of the problem involved in influencing administrative and legislative action and convinced of the truth of his views he abandoned his scientific investigations entirely in order to devote all his energies toward the attainment of world peace. Szilard founded the Council for a Livable World which is intended to be a lobby-for-peace. The Council has made significant financial contributions to three successful senatorial candidates (1962) who were themselves deeply concerned about the gradual drift toward nuclear war and sympathetic to the Council's viewpoint. But the Council for a Livable World has barely begun its work and Szilard will be sorely missed.

Unfortunately there are too few men like Leo Szilard whose convictions and determination lead them to a concerted and continuous effort in behalf of their beliefs. And to the idealist it appears that nearly all such True Believers are to be found in the extremes of political life: in organizations such as the Communist Party, the John Birch Society, the Black Muslims and the Ku Klux Klan. Most of us are jarred into an activity of sorts only occasionally.



In my own case the catalyst for these words was found by watching a late show on the idiot box. It was that Knob Hill tragicomedy known as Thou Shalt Not Amend. In strong disagreement with sections of the G.O.P. platform of 1964 the party liberals (now moderates) presented a series of amendments. One of these was a statement that the Republican Party up-

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held the principle that only the chief executive of the United States should have the authority to determine when and if our forces should use a nuclear weapon. Everyone knows that this amendment was overwhelmingly defeated. Hopefully it was not because the delegates disagreed with the statement itself. But one wonders! Those who argued against the amendment from the platform of that convention all presented the viewpoint that it was totally unnecessary. This was already the law of the land. Yet one wonders! For the candidate of the great majority of those delegates does not believe in that principle!

Senator Goldwater has called for the use of tactical A-bombs to defoliate the battle areas of Viet Nam and Laos. And just a few days before the convention he had proposed that field commanders be given the authority to employ certain atomic weapons at their discretion. (Perhaps the senator has not yet seen *Dr. Strangelove*!) Yet, in arguing against the amendment, Senator Hickenlooper claimed to be mystified as to the reason for its being presented. Everyone else present there knew what Goldwater had said but Hickenlooper was "mystified." Szilard would have been horrified!

The ranking senate minority member on the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, Hickenlooper is as well informed as any civilian outside the White House can be on the offensive and defensive use of atomic weapons. Senator Goldwater is his personal candidate for the office which controls the awesome U. S. atomic arsenal. Naturally these men do not fit into Berle's category of people naive in power politics and nuclear weaponry.

No, naive cannot be the word. But there are several others we might try. According to his own lights the reader will decide (the writer has *already* decided) that Senators Goldwater and Hickenlooper are: brave, implusive, courageous, rash, selfless, shortsighted, noble foolish, patriotic, fraudulent, righteous, idiotic.

PRM

UNREQUIRED READING

Everyone knows what a sequel is but how many can name the antecedent to a sequel?

* * *

A friend of mine claims that time wounds all heels. He also describes marriage as one quandary for two. This friend delights in expounding his theory which he claims explains not only unhappy marriages, broken homes, divorces, and unmarried loneliness but also most of the other evils in this tired old world. He insists that marriages are accidents, in fact collisions, which frequently maim and disfigure the hapless victims. The few truly successful marriages, he says, are manufactured after the fact. All the others are victims impaled on what he calls the romantic phallacy.

* * *

A nocturnal walker in Lincoln country in Illinois is reported to have encountered a wraithlike lady at midnight. In some consternation, he asked, "Who are you?" "Nobody," she replied, "I'm Myth Ann Rutledge."

* * *

After recently viewing *Cleopatra* and being impressed by spectacle and Rex Harrison as Caesar, I left the theatre concluding that the failure of the movie to enthrall me lies with Elizabeth Taylor. She is a true sexpot but she is about as regal as a bag of beans and has yet to demonstrate the ability to act her way out of a popcorn sack.

* * *

Conventions, campaigns and congress in session combine to produce an inexplicable delight in me. Almost everyone connected with politics apparently takes leave of his senses and assumes that the rest of the country does likewise. The population is entertained by the most expensive troupe of entertainers and vaudevillian buffoonery since the last presidential election year. Almost everyone connected with elections discusses them with evasions, half-truths, and outright lies. Any statement by the opposition must be misconstrued, misrepresented, misinterpreted and maligned by pulling it out of context. Everyone forgets what Oliver Wendell Holmes was talking about when he said, "A word is not a crystal, transparent and clear. It is the skin of a living thought that changes in color and content with the time and circumstance in which it is used." In election years, clarity is a dirty word and there seems to be a contest to see who can spout the most words without conveying any thought at all. Instead of clarification, we are treated to confusion. Each electioneer selects particular and peculiar meanings for his words and interprets all opposition words in the light of his own prejudices. Each speaker is enthralled by his own absurdities. Sometimes, the words are not nearly so wondrous as the ac-

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tions. For example, Organ Pipes Dirksen assumes the mantle and mien of statesmanship to manipulate the civil rights bill through a reluctant congress. As an encore he attaches a non-related rider to the foreign aid bill in an effort to continue to deprive millions of citizens of an equal vote. Congress votes a pay raise of $36.00 per year to most servicemen and then a payraise of thousands of dollars per year to itself. In the interests of greater economy, Congress subsequently adds another $600 per year to each Congressman's office expense account to buy paperclips plus an additional clerical position. I assume the new position is to be filled by a person who will make chains out of the additional paper clips. Wonderful, wonderful politics. Who can resist being entertained by an election year circus? Who can disagree with De Maistre's comment made a century and a half ago that "every nation has the government that it deserves"?

* * *

Although you might pick up something in addition, these titles are suggested for pleasure reading only. They are no more than the kinds of books which will be enjoyed by people who like these kinds of books.

Faces In A Dusty Picture by Gerald Kersh (McGraw-Hill, 1945). This short and bitter war novel contains a most depressingly funny description of man's horrid efforts to be attractive and smell good at the expense of other animals.

Seventeen: a novel of puberty by Soya (Paul S. Eriksson, NY, 1961). Probably most enjoyable to the parents of a teenager who may recall, as does the narrator, their own anguished introduction to adult pleasures, this novel catches the misery as well as the ecstasy of man emerging from boy. It was first published in Denmark.

My War With The United States by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking, 1937). Now that Bemelmans has died, a re-reading of his books is not out of place. This early book is a diary he kept after enlisting in the US Army in 1917 less than three years after emigrating from Germany at the age of sixteen in 1914. It is a contrasting of the old world and the new, a gentle account of the absurdities of military life, and is quietly funny throughout.

1066 And All That by C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (Methuen, 1930). A spoof of history, historians, scholarly works, snobs, and the "British Establishment" in general, this is a small and hilarious classic.

The Stag's Horn Book edited by John McClure (Knopf, 1945). An anthology of "convivial and merry verse" which professes to be a companion to its owner, it succeeds and is a jolly companion, one to turn to frequently for a needed chuckle. This is a fair sample by Matthew Prior.

A True Maid

No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
Behind the elms, last night, cried Dick
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

The Stuffed Owl: An anthology of bad verse edited by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee (Capricorn Books, NY, 1962, $1.25). Originally published in 1930, this gem escaped me until recently. A first reading convinces me that my ignorance of it has denied me a lot of pleasure. Not having had time to savor and select, I offer a friend's favorite lines:

Poor South! Her books get fewer and fewer,
She was never much given to literature.

J. Gordon Coogler

However, I already know that these lines by Julia Moore, The Sweet Singer Of Michigan, will remain high on my list of choice verses:

And now, kind friends, what I have wrote,
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticize as some have done
Hitherto herebefore.

I have now abandoned my effort to compile a handy *Little Book of Humorless Verse.*

BER

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"The Father of the H-Bomb" argues for a nuclear stockpile and Civil Defense. "I think that the possibility of an all-out war in the next decade is real. I hope that the probability is not great. If we prepare, it need not be great."

Physical Effects of NUCLEAR ATTACK

Dr. Edward Teller

More than thirty years ago, the home on the lot where I live today burned down. This was what I like to call the isolationist fire in Berkeley. The fire had started out in the sticks where the Berkeley officials had no jurisdiction so the fire department didn't go out. By the time the fire invaded Berkeley, it was too big to be handled by the fire department. The house has been rebuilt on the old foundations according to the old plans, but a great deal of damage had been done at that time.

Our role, our position in the world, has been changed in the past decade. It used to be true that the fires among nations were far removed from us. We could rest assured behind our ocean barriers that no matter what happened abroad, even if we had to go out and put out that fire, we had, at any rate, time to prepare for it. Since 1945 this situation has been changing rapidly. Today we know that a rocket carrying a most destructive weapon, launched from Russia, can reach us in approximately twenty minutes.

It has been frequently stated that wars have become so terrible that they may wipe out all of mankind. This, to the best of my knowledge, is not true nor is it likely to become true, as far as we can reasonably predict world events. But something else has become true, and that is that war and all the really dreadful things that can and do happen in war can come to the United States with no more than twenty minutes' warning. This means that if we want to survive in such a war—and even more, if we want to be prepared and, by being prepared, avoid war—the preparation has to be done *now* in peacetime. It will be most difficult for all of us to be-

Teller

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have in this new and dangerous age in a reasonable manner. Yet it has to be done.

What has overwhelmed many of us, and what troubles each of us in moments of anxiety, is that the modern weapons of destruction are terribly effective. Is there *anything* one can do against them? An all-out nuclear attack can destroy all the cities of the United States. When we come out of the shelter will there be any place to go? Will we have the civilized world, a free world, in which to live? There are two answers to this question: yes and no. And both answers are correct, if you make the appropriate assumptions. If you assume that we are not going to do anything about Civil Defense, the answer is no—there will be no point in surviving. One hundred million people will be dead, another forty million will be dying, and the remainder will wish that they were dead. The answer is also yes, if we prepare for the emergency in a reasonable manner, and we are willing each year to spend one-tenth of our military budget on Civil Defense and on preparation for recovery. In that case, it will be possible—in fact, it will be remarkably quickly possible—to recover.

What are the special things against which we have to defend ourselves? And whatever plans we can make now, will they not in turn become obsolete by further progress in nuclear weapons that will come even before we can complete defenses against present weapons? This question we shall have to discuss for a little while. We do not know what we have to defend ourselves against; this is quite true. But we do know the *range* of things against which we have to defend ourselves; and one can defend oneself against all of them successfully at the expense of $4-$5 billion per year distributed throughout the nation.

The most frequently discussed danger is fallout. It is relatively easy to defend oneself against fallout. Most of the radioactivity will be in the form of dust particles. Most of it will come down half an hour, an hour, two hours after the attack. For the survivors of the attack, there will be plenty of time to seek shelter, at least to the extent that this poisonous dust need not catch anyone out of doors. That in itself is not yet enough protection, because the radiation from the dust can penetrate through a foot or two of material. It will be attenuated perhaps by a factor of 10 for each foot of massive material you put between yourself and the dust.

All of us should be able to prepare places where there is enough material between ourselves and the radioactive dust so that no real damage need be done. At the same time, if we do not prepare, this radioactivity can produce most widespread and most disastrous effects. I do not want to go into that any further. I would like, however, to mention one thing. It is not necessarily true that radioactivity will be a problem at all. For instance high-altitude bursts will not produce concentrated radioactivity on the ground. But radioactivity may become a great danger. We must defend ourselves against it. And if we defend ourselves against it, then the probability of a radioactive attack will decrease. Our enemies will know that they can't destroy us in this manner.

At the same time, there are other dangers. There is the danger of the blast; there is the danger of the fire. Fires can be started because the blast will knock buildings over, sever gas mains, scatter burning materials from stoves. Moreover, the intense heat released by the explosion will set inflammable materials on fire. The result will be that near the bomb a great number of fires will be raging which may develop into a conflagration or a fire storm. Now, it is known that in clear weather, and with the help of big explosions, such fires can be set over very wide areas. It is entirely possible that we may suffer more from fire than from fallout. This means that we have to be prepared, in the long run, with blast shelters and with fire-resisting shelters as well. The blast is likely to extend over a rather limited area. The fire may extend over a limited or a wide area; this we do not know. The fallout, if it comes, will extend over the widest area, but it will not necessarily come.

In my opinion, it is necessary for us to defend ourselves against all dangers, but it is also important that we *get going*, that we start. There is a lot of wisdom in putting fallout protection first because fallout protection is easiest. It is possible to build shelters which will stand up within two or three miles distance of even really big explosions. It is possible to build a shelter which will stand up right under the bomb, provided the bomb has not been detonated very near the ground—and our defenses may keep bombs off the ground. No matter where you are, you stand a chance of survival if you prepare. No matter where you are, there is a danger that you will be killed if you do not prepare.

I would like to ask some more questions: Should we do it ourselves? Should the govern-

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ment do it? Do we need family shelters? Do we need mass shelters? I don't think that these questions can or should be settled in general terms. Individual action has its advantages. So has government action. So has action at state or municipal levels. In appropriate places, all these must go forward.

There is, however, one point which I would like to make. In densely populated areas, it is highly reasonable to construct shelters not for individual families, but for a greater number of people. In highly concentrated population areas, group shelters—mass shelters—are cheaper and more effective. We shall have only a few minutes' warning. Shelters should be available within five or ten minutes walking distance from any place, but in densely populated areas there are plenty of people living within a five-minute walking distance so that mass shelters become practical. I am advocating these mass shelters, because on this basis you can buy good protection from fallout at $200 per person; but on an individual basis it becomes more difficult to buy protection from fire and from blast for a relatively small amount of money.

When many people get together, all necessary protective measures can be bought for reasonable sums.

Let me give you an example. A couple of years ago I had the responsibility for the Livermore Laboratory in California. That is a weapons laboratory, and I was rather dismayed by the fact that even a weapons laboratory did not have protection against nuclear weapons. We were going to erect a new building, and I asked Washington for limited funds in order to put a shelter into the new building. The funds unfortunately were refused. This made a number of my associates living in Livermore quite mad. Some of them got together on a private basis. They bought six acres of land, and they contributed money. They wanted to build a shelter for survival and one that was not even austere—that was reasonably comfortable, well stocked, well provided against all dangers. They did all this at a time when the art of shelter building was not yet fully developed. They built a shelter where each family within the mass shelter has a privately owned, privately controlled, possibly locked, compartment—for $270 per person. The job of shelter building for all purposes is not beyond our means.

This brings me to a second point which I want to mention. Can we save everyone? Certainly not. There will be people caught out of doors. There will be mistakes, confusion, accidents. The attack may come very rapidly with only a few minutes' warning. There may be submarines lobbing in nuclear explosives to some areas. Thus people may have exceedingly little warning. But the first attack should warn the rest of the country. If we are well prepared and if we then make the most pessimistic assumption that one can reasonably make about the speed and the fury of an attack, it should still be possible to save 90% of our people.

This means something terrible. It means many millions dead. I am not telling you that war will not be terrible—it will, if it comes. I am telling you that most of us can survive. But the greatest part of our above-ground facilities may be destroyed.

At this point it is important to know some statistics. The annual income of the United States is something like $500 billion. This figure is rather generally known. I wonder how many of you happen to know what the total monetary worth of our country is? Make a big shopping list of everything that can be bought or sold. In order to be definite, include everything, even

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minerals under the earth. The total sum is $1,-500 billion—three years' production. Out of a $500 billion annual production, we consume each year 80%; 10% we spend on defense and 10% we invest.

Obviously, after an attack we shall have to live under really austere conditions. But if we do so, if we keep an organization, if we have elementary tools and food so that we need not starve and can get going immediately, within a few years our country can be back to its old comfortable level. The idea that nuclear war will necessarily take us back into barbarism or the Stone Age is unqualified nonsense. We can recover, provided that we prepare.

This country has a two-year supply of food which is usually considered a political liability. It could be a tremendous asset and an insurance. If we distribute this food throughout the country and put it into safe places and make sure that the food can be made available in reasonably processed form, at least we shall have enough to eat while we rebuild our country.

There is another question: The question of how quickly our industrial potential can be regained. There are things which will not be destroyed. There are others that will. Of those which are destroyed, there are many items which can easily be replaced; others cannot. There is a big job ahead of us in finding out which are the items which will be destroyed and will not be easily replaced, and which of these items can be stockpiled today in safe places so that crucial shortages should not occur.

At this point, I would like to ask very particularly and very pointedly whose job is this stockpiling? Defense is the job of the government. The stockpiling should be done by the government . . . is this right? Perhaps. If the stockpiling is done by the government, then after the war the government will necessarily have acquired a control over those industries which it has helped to put back on its feet. How extensive this control will be is hard to foretell. But that there will be some control there can be very little doubt. Now, on the other hand, if an industry can stockpile its *own* tools, if it does *not* need government help, it will have retained its complete independence.

I think that the possibility of an all-out war in the next decade is real. I hope that the probability is not great. If we prepare, it need not be great. But the danger does exist. I wonder to what extent do our industrial leaders believe in free enterprise and to what extent are they conservative enough to take out an insurance so that their enterprise as well as their lives can be preserved? I think that a reasonable stockpiling program in our country can be carried out better than anywhere else if we use the flexible, ingenious methods of free enterprise. I believe that the government can and should help right now by providing incentives, for instance, tax incentives, for those who will lay by a stockpile under their own control. I am not sure that this is the right plan, but I am sure that we are a rich country. We very often throw away a tool, a machine, while it is still functional merely because we have thought of something better. Some of this machinery could be put in mothballs against that dreadful "rainy day."

This can be done in our country. In Russia it cannot. The Communist empire is making a remarkable effort at industrialization, but in order to build up their industrial capacity to its full vigor they have to strain as hard as possible. Stockpiling for them is a much more difficult problem. Food surpluses they do not possess. The fact is that we are fat, and they are lean; and it is usual to say that in wartime the fortunes of war favor the lean ones because they are better able to take hardships. This I claim need not be true.

If we prepare properly, an all-out nuclear war will be much more dangerous for the communist countries than it need be for the advanced democracies. Advanced democracies such as Sweden have taken the necessary measures. Sweden, unlike the United States, today is reasonably safe from nuclear attack. It so happens that Sweden is one of the few countries which managed to stay out of both world wars. I think there is a connection between their present providence and their past success in maintaining peace. They both spring from a realistic love of peace.

To my mind, there is no better insurance of peace than Civil Defense, and this is my last and main reason for advocating Civil Defense. We as a nation do not want war and will not launch an all-out nuclear attack against the communists. The only danger of an all-out war comes from the fact that the Russians may have reason to believe that they can defeat us. They want to conquer the world, and they may see a chance of doing so. If we retain our military power so that we can return any blow and if, at the same time, we establish decent civil defenses so that we can make it quite clear that as a nation we shall survive, I feel that it is practically certain that peace will be maintained.

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God and Man on the Right

William C. Baum

A perceptive analysis of the politics of fright.

Within the past few years a large number of analyses, essays and critiques have appeared which attempt to describe and explain the so-called revival of the phenomenon most frequently referred to as the "American radical right." If considered collectively, these studies have drawn a very confusing—and at times distorted—picture of the radical right, in part because there is no general consensus as to what the radical right really is.

Much of this confusion is due to the simple fact that although the people in the radical right produce a considerable volume of "literature," this literature is not readily available. (Robert Welch and a few others widely circulate their glossy magazines. But for every one of these "known" personalities and journals, there are a hundred nameless others who send out crude mimeographed sheets to a surprisingly large number of people.)

In this essay I shall attempt to analyze a side of the radical right which can easily be overlooked if one concentrates on the few "known" periodicals. Briefly, most members of the radical right see themselves as disciples of God, put here either to re-establish a lost Kingdom of God or to pave the way for *the* millennium. However, these people fear that they can never succeed in this endeavor because the men and institutions of this world are, for the most part, in the hands of the Devil. Members of the radical right feel that while there is an ultimate promise of salvation for those who "fight the good fight," this promise was made by a God who is slowly being consumed by the superior force of evil.

The personal and social attitudes of the American radical right are consequently moralistic, frenetic, and pessimistic. The social-political behavior of these people reflects a theology of hopeful expectations darkened by an experience filled with despair.

I

GOD AND THE FOUNDING FATHERS

It is no accident that most members of the American radical right use the language and symbols employed by the ministers and preachers whom Mencken wrote about when he covered the Scopes Trial. In both cases, the main topic concerns a lost paradise, the fall of man, and the quest for redemption. In both cases literal description is preferred to figurative, allegorical language.

Most members of the American radical right believe that we are now paying the price of

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fallen men and fallen governments. The corruption, sin, and wickedness of today's world are in sharp contrast with a time when men ruled in the name, manner, and spirit of God.

American history is the story of a righteous Theocratic rule at the time of the founding fathers, the fall after someone ate the forbidden fruit of socialism (read: liberal, New Deal, integration, co-existence, etc.), and the search for salvation.

In the beginning God *reserved* America for a chosen people who settled here to live in His glory. In the words of a Minnesota man who sends out a 4-page paper regularly: "What is the nature of 'God's plan for America? According to the Bible, human government was established by God and He intended that ONLY GODLY MEN SHOULD RULE.' " The founding fathers are frequently portrayed as disciples who tried to carry out the plans of divine intent. These plans include two important matters emphasized in the literature of the radical right:

A. Christian economics

The affinity shown by members of the American radical right for what they affectionately term "free enterprise economics" accounts for the label "conservative" often tagged on the movement itself. In respect to economic philosophy the label is deserved because the rhetoric of such American political conservatives as Senators Tower, Byrd, and Goldwater is substantially the same as that used by the radical right. American conservatives and the radical right agree that any discussion of economics is in essence a discourse in moral principles.

According to the radical right those principles were either explicitly set forth in the Bible or are revealed to members of the radical right from time to time. In a pamphlet entitled *Jesus, The Capitalist,* Ray Carroll writes that there was a time when there "was no labor union to meddle with prices and wages." Carroll adds that

> Joseph and Son were small contractors . . . Prices were fixed in the natural way by haggling . . .
>
> Jesus was a capitalist, preaching a doctrine of individualism which is the basis of free enterprise; and for this the religious and political heirarchies contrived his death.

The founding fathers appreciated the wisdom of this lesson and adopted a system of free enterprise economics. A former F. B. I. agent writing in his Texas paper expressed this view of the founding fathers in this way:

> The classic liberalism of the Founding Fathers was idealistic. The early American liberals did not cherish freedom because they regarded it as a fat and easy life, but because they considered it the only noble way of life for creatures made in the image of God.

B. Racial purity

The interest shown in "Christian economics" is almost matched by that given to a consideration of God's attitude respecting racial matters. Many members of the radical right agree that America was once inhabited by a pure racial stock and that this was in keeping with God's wishes. The view is commonly expressed that this important lesson has been wasted on those who advocate Negro rights. A West coast man put it succinctly: "If our Creator intended only one race, a mulatto race, he would have created it in the beginning." According to this view, the founding fathers not only understood this lesson but also knew who it was that would undermine this virtually perfect system. A Colorado man writes that "Our Christian Founding Fathers knew their BIBLE and history, and tried in a written Constitution, to prevent Jewry from taking over the New World . . ." (It should be noted that anti-semitism and racism are common patterns in this literature but are seldom expressed in the well-known periodicals.)

It is really not necessary for the radical right to elaborate further on the various features of the Godly Establishment which once ruled this great land. The important fact is that it *was* here and *is* here no more.

THE DEVILS IN HISTORY

This vision of a former Utopia is marred by the fear that God is opposed by a sinister adversary and that those who choose to follow in the steps of God share with him the many dangers posed by this evil force. The omnipotence and omnipresence of this adversary are indicated by the ability of this Devil to *cause* the crucifixion of Christ, the Russian Revolution, the mongrelization of the White Race, fluoridation of our water supplies, and, of course, the giving of our atomic secrets to the Russians.

Much of the literature of the radical right reveals the fear that the devil in history might be more powerful than God. The devil is a cunning, clever, and personal force while God is sometimes abstract and often impersonal. Moreover, this sinister force sneaks about, often lacking the institutional embodiment which would make it easy to detect. (At other times, however, the radical right fears that this devil hides behind an institutional facade which also makes it difficult to detect. The important thing is that history is never what it seems to be.) Historical

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events are usually the result of devilish machinations which can only be understood by those few with the right spiritual connections. Those few who are in the know experience historical insights denied to others. For example, in the pamphlet *Hitler and the 20th Century Hoax* one can learn that "Hitler, like all Communists was demon possessed, and the protection he received came from Satan . . ." In the pamphlet *The Coming Red Dictatorship* is the statement, New York Jews led by Trotsky financed the Bolshevik revolution . . ." The right-wing hero, the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, met an ". . . invisible death, possibly (by) inducing cancer in a Senator's blood stream by atomic radiation planted in a chair cushion or upholstery." Our economic troubles are the result of a devious plot to bring in the Federal Reserve System and the 16th Amendment. Many believe that these schemes were hatched by John Maynard Keynes. In the widely circulated book *Keynes at Harvard* is the passage

> The "Keynes" school of this "political underworld" is particularly adept at this Machiavellian method of advancing tyranny. Even sound economists do not realize that Keynes' obscurity is deliberate . . . Keynesism is not an economic theory. It is a weapon of a political conspiracy.

Members of the American radical right are also adept at uncovering those persons who hide behind respectable institutional "fronts": e.g., the leaders of the National Council of Churches are actually pro-Communist; the NAACP is run by people who *really* want to mongrelize the Aryan race; the U. N. is a meeting place for the Communist "conspirators"; the Supreme Court is run by Jewish Communists (the terms are interchangeable); Khrushchev is actually Jewish; Eisenhower is a Commie, etc. In short, these evil men are responsible for all that is wrong with the world.

Why do these evil men do these things? What is the master plan behind these diabolical actions? The literature of the radical right is ambiguous on this point. While political scientists and politicians often use such terms as "power" and "prestige" when discussing political values, goals, and motives, writers of the radical right seldom use these or similar terms because they cannot believe that evil forces could have such limited goals. Absolute forces do not so limit themselves.

The goal of these adversaries is the total imposition of evil—although the evil is almost never defined. One cannot be precise in answering the question about goals because behind the general agreement that there *is* an evil force lies an anarchistic language. This language reveals the unconscious fears that the *real* motives of the enemy are uniquely personal. Some members of the radical right fear that they will be poisoned by fluoridated water. Some fear that they, like Senator McCarthy, will be injected with cancer. Others will be burned, raped, or maimed. Is it possible to escape from such a horrible world?

THE ARMAGEDDON COMPLEX

For most of those in the American radical right, the escape routes are clearly marked: "Salvation after death" or "survival in the millennium." The course to be chosen depends upon the degree of fear, despair, or frustration that one feels. A few of the most pessimistic proclaim their willingness to meet their maker as soon as possible. The most common attitude, however, is that the world is moving toward the millennium and that such a millennium can only follow the great Armageddon.

This battle will provide the leaders for the millennial rule (and instant sainthood for some). There is only one way to prepare for this battle: publicly declare your opposition to evil, the futility of compromise, the dangers of appeasement—that there is no peace without victory. In any case, opposites cannot co-exist, the battle is at hand. As a fundamentalist minister put it,

> Should I be called upon to endure another great persecution in the future than known in the past, I shall count it a joy to serve Christ in adversity. Christian stock in the twentieth century comes from a long line of martyrs who, by enduring great suffering demonstrated their right of existence.

Or as Robert Welch recently expressed it,

> It is the imminence and horror of this danger which drives me to so desperate a course as to offer myself as a personal leader in this fight, and to ask you to follow that leadership.

Another fundamentalist minister tells his followers that

> The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ promises a Christian nation victory . . . He will fight for the Christian nation . . . our enemies will be scattered before us . . . we have nothing to fear . . .

Although few share this optimism, they share the satisfaction described by Perry Miller as the "inward assurance that the scene of their exertions would . . . come to a glorious, even though a violent conclusion. There would be a consuming chord of rest and of resolution."

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II

This conflict between the heavy undercurrents of despair and a theology of hope accounts, at least in part, for the contradictory and often confusing manner in which the American radical right approaches social and political affairs. There is always the urge to turn away completely from a social order immersed in sin, yet there is always the nagging belief that the Kingdom of God is at hand, awaiting those who will only help to bring it about.

Additional ambivalence concerning any possible involvement in major social issues stems from the contradiction of a desire to escape from this world and the belief that the lost paradise was a Theocracy. In other words, one cannot forever turn his back on a system, however corrupt, that was originally set in motion for a divine purpose. If the end result of the original system is otherworldly salvation, the fact still remains that God indicated that the system included certain economic, social, and political institutions. Members of the radical right are thus torn between two commitments: the resurrection of the lost paradise and the pursuit of the millennium. Whichever way one turns, he has a moral obligation to work for the establishment of such Godly ideas as free enterprise, right to work laws, and a Theocracy devoted to the principle of white rule.

The literature of the radical right reveals, then, the rather pathetic portrait of a collective personality caught between fears of annihilation, visions of an apocalypse, and fantasies of a Golden Age. In short, the radical right is driven to come to grips with a world which it cannot accept. The social-political behavior of the radical right generally reflects these strains and conflicts:

1) The intensely negative attitude displayed by the radical right toward American politics is a reflection of its general belief that a better society cannot be built on existing foundations. The radical right rejects both our system and its institutions. While members of the radical right actively pursue the holy grail labeled "Americanism," this "lost America" is a construction of their imagination rather than an historical fact. Thus the radical right is truly radical. Members of the radical right are unable to offer "constructive" criticism or alternative proposals in contemporary political debate because they can neither fathom—nor accept—the world of their political adversaries. To them, the political choice in the United States—and most of the world—is between Scylla and Charybdis.

2) The above point implies something borne out in radical right theory and practice. This is similar to the Marxian argument that it is not possible to correct a faulty political system before more important and fundamental matters are attended to. For both Marxists and the radical right, it is futile to engage in the political affairs of any society before a spiritual trans-

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formation has first taken place. In the case of the radical right, political organizations such as parties are symbols of rapprochement with the very system to be overthrown. The system is to be encountered by Christian soldiers, not by political organizations. The war between the radical right and the political powers in the United States is, after all, a religious war.

Despite the lack of a political organization, the views of the radical right are nevertheless widely heard because radical right sermons on free enterprise economics and Godless Communism are believed by many others to contain the answers to the many problems which they feel now face this country. And it is increasingly clear that many businessmen are willing to spend large sums of money so that these views might reach a large audience. Many of the thoughts conveyed in the broadcasts, telecasts, and crusades reinforce what members of the radical right already know. As it was put by Dr. Fred C. Schwarz,

> Christians to arms. The enemy is at the gate. Buckle on the armor of the Christian . . . Coexistence is impossible . . . Communism is total evil . . . We must hurl this thing back into the pit from whence it came!

3) The political expression of these fears is not clear; the frenetic nature of the radical right prevents this. These fears are still passed on, often with an intensity strong enough to produce some political results (as seen in some of the successful attempts to remove suspicious books from libraries and defeat fluoridation measures). The total effect of the radical right on American politics would be greater if the radical right were able to harness and direct its efforts. That this cannot be done is best illustrated by the many contradictions expressed by the radical right on public issues: pleas for weak government are mixed with admiration for J. Edgar Hoover, the F. B. I., and military heroes; the U. N. is seen as both a weak, vacillating debating society and as the international tool of the Communist, non-Caucasian Jewish conspiracy; the radical right works for the repeal of the 16th Amendment while advocating a military build-up; the "peace without victory?" slogan — a plea for pre-emptive action — is used alongside the statement that the Communist conspiracy is about to fall apart; the Communist leaders are pictured as wrong and immoral (and therefore doomed), yet everything done by the Communists is successful and everything done by the U. S. is inadequate. In each of these contradictions a lifetime of frustration is slightly alleviated by a glimmer of hope. The criticism of the present United States government, the United Nations, and our income tax system is the never ending story of intrigue and conspiracy in our institutions. Admiration for certain investigative officials and military leaders is linked to the belief that personal undercover activity is the only way to obtain revelations about the enemy and that these revelations will be followed by better days. Both the frustration and the ambivalence were summed up very well by Professor Revilo Oliver:

> We are insignificant and lost in the howling wilderness of folly and treason that our nation has become . . . [yet we] are working for the same general purpose with the same hope that it is not yet too late to save America. . . .

The Weeping

Why do I still run
from the grandfather in my dream

I know my love for him
died when I was young

Oh Grandfather you are alive
in the huge houses of my inner eye

Like the sudden yellow gleam
in the windows of your farm

When we come around the turn
and in the summer sun your high ancient home

Looms on the hill
I remember you cried like a young girl

Standing by the well
after Grandmother's funeral

Your mountainous beautiful
Welsh face all filled

And the roots of your hands still
Grandfather you blessed me once when I was ill

In my dream it was you who died
as I thought you did

And it was I who cried
as I never would.

John Logan

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The Illinois welfare problem: a maddening mosaic of hypocrisy and muddle.

Crusaders, Christmongers, and Contraceptives

Paul R. Carlsten

In the Spring of 1964 Chicago's dreadful penny press printed a social note of particular interest to the publisher, the only son born to the newspaper's founder in three marriages, and thereby heir to the myriad enterprises associated with their celebrated name. The society page announced the impending marriage of the publisher's son, the sole male child of his four attempts at conjugal permanence, to the debutante daughter of a number of prominent North Shore families.

Among the wedding guests will be three former wives, four former husbands, six former wives' husbands, seven former husbands' wives, and upwards of two dozen children of assorted marriages, past and present.

By any canon of actuarial science these church-and-state-endorsed liaisons amount to statistically meaningful evidence of an uncommon attachment to the institution of marriage. If the Church Fathers and Edmund Burke were correct, and the family is the means of binding together the civil society, then Illinois and the nation are obligated to the publisher and his families for cementing much of Winnetka, Glencoe, and Lake Forest.

Unfortunately—as the dreadful penny press tirelessly editorializes—the publisher's example has been ignored by thousands of welfare recipients in Chicago, mostly Negroes, who are neglecting to marry even once. Others, lacking the WhiteAngloSaxonProtestant's rapport with the bar association and his taste for legal nicety, as well as the funds for the considerable expenses of divorce court, have followed his example only imperfectly. After the first and formal partnership they makeshift with what our southern states know euphemistically as common law marriage.

The dreadful penny press is not alone in its concern about illegitimacy among families receiving Aid-to-Dependent-Children. Indeed, election year in and off-year out, the secret suspicion that women on relief are having sex just like taxpayers, and maybe even enjoying it more, is enough to make "welfare chiseling" a worn phrase in the lexicon of Illinois politics. Life-long adherence to the dogmas of scarcity economics have created a politics of envy in conservative Illinois: there are just so many of the good things of life—luxurious homes, lavish foods, powerful autos, satisfying sexual experiences—and they ought to go to the people with initiative, ambition, and a willingness to compete.

Actually, A.D.C. mothers are not taking as much fun out of other people's beds as the illegitimacy statistics indicate. Illiteracy, unemployment, racial discrimination, and the disparity between eligibility standards of public assistance (set by the State of Illinois) and of A.D.C. (determined by federal statutes) combine to cause the phenomenon of bogus "desertion." For thousands of families continuing unemployment and inability to meet the state's two-year residence requirement (adopted to stem the influx of unskilled illiterates from Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and other points along the Illinois Central Railroad right-of-way) have left only one option. The father "deserts" during the daylight hours when welfare investigators might drop in. Eventually, the arrangement becomes routine, often with the connivance of sympathetic case workers, as the nocturnal father remains in the permanent unemployment that holds one of every four Negro men in Chicago. Statistically, it means the children born into the family from then on are the illegitimate offspring of the "deserted wife" and an "unknown father."

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The editorial distaste for illegitimacy and immorality of the dreadful penny press reflects a broader purpose, which is to maintain a crusading image. That its crusading ranges over such topics as slum landlords, public school violence, and birth control, all at least tangential to the city's racial problems, is not only due to the editors' awareness that the Negro revolution is the preeminent news drama of this age. The crusading impulse is motivated also by their conviction that the 19th Century values of WhiteAngloSaxonProtestantism, in their best sense, have a nonpareil relevance to racial conflict and its resolution. And this much is certain. No one can mistake the W.A.S.P. values of the Chicago newspapers' editors and publishers.

It is a paradox of Illinois politics that while its celebrated conservatism rests on a W.A.S.P. heritage, both Republican and Democratic parties have been dominated by Irish Catholics in recent years. Calculations intended to achieve the superior ethnic-balance on the ticket at each election, and the obeisance to the unwritten law of religious pluralism in the making of major appointments, insure that differing attitudes on "moral issues" likely will exist in any state administration and within both parties' delegations to the legislature.

The result is that the strategies adopted in their partisan conflict are not wholly dissimilar when they confront the dilemmas of welfare. Both seemingly hold to an unusual theory of juvenile delinquency, based on the proposition that when slum kids get really hungry they will be too weak to mug anyone. The Republican position proceeds from the premise that many workers in Illinois are employed at the minimum wage level of $1.25 an hour, thus earning about $200 monthly, and the corollary that it would sinfully destroy initiative if anyone got more than this without working. They enacted their position into law in 1963, with a statutory ceiling for all relief recipients other than exceptions made by the legislature itself.

The counter-tactic of the Democratic administration of Governor Otto Kerner was to employ professional dieticians to calculate a minimum diet, for which they compiled a minimum cost to the careful comparative shopper. They then established the A.D.C. food allotment at about 80% of that amount, or approximately $65.00 a month for a mother with three children.

The statutory ceiling was the personal triumph of the President Pro-Tem of the Illinois Senate, a Republican who represents officially suburban River Forest, which is a kind of miniature South Africa with apartheid for Jews, and unofficially the Archdiocese of Chicago. He has for 28 years combined the businesses of politics, road paving, and horse racing, which are enterprises possessed of full complementarity in the Illinois legislative marketplace. Telling testimony to his unsurpassed power in the legislature is that only Illinois of the 50 states spends more per thoroughbred than per schoolchild. In 1963, empathic lawmakers agreed Illinois should spend $96,000 for the study of rare diseases afflicting race horses.

The Senate President Pro-Tem, in addition to his belief in the revealed truths of Goldwater Republicanism, is an Irish Catholic. He skillfully eludes the perils of less-than-perfect congruence of his two faiths by pairing the negative adjurations of each. He is, for example, as opposed to free contraceptives as he is to higher relief payments. His combination of spiritual commitments led him to make a unique contribution to moral theology: contraceptives are evil if free but permissible if paid for from children's food money.

Publicly, the churches are outraged by the strategies of both parties. Pitchmen for all three firms in our tripartite religious establishment are selling indignation to the well-fed conscionable in the best tradition of competitive American business. But while social concern has intruded upon opiate peddling as usual for Jew, Catholic, and Protestant alike, it has not meant that Christmongers are marketing an undifferentiated product for the relief of suffering reliefers. The cause of their sectarian disagreement is the contraceptive, and it cannot be stretched to cover the spread position of the Christmongers on birth control.

Despite their resentment of government meddling in the souls market, the ecclesiastics privately are resigned to the inevitability of a birth control program involving contraception. At least this was the impression of Governor Kerner, who understood that he had an understanding there would be no official opposition from the Catholic hierarchy to a plan providing free contraceptives to A.D.C. mothers. Kerner had his understanding with Cardinal Meyer, whose license plate, Illinois 1, is a certain clue to the power structure of Illinois politics. But the Cardinal's own Vicar-General, as well as a host of Irish puritans in

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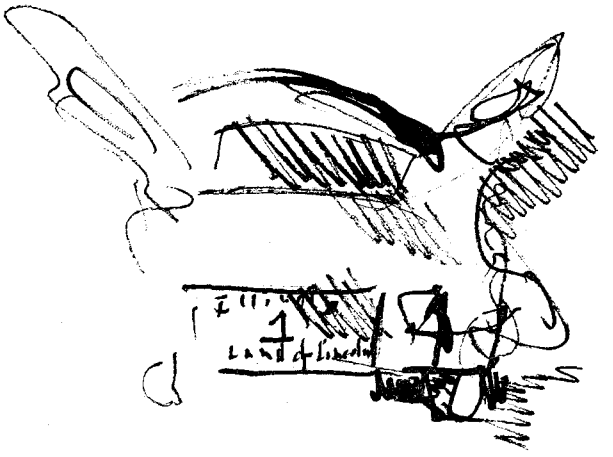

Illinois politics, failed to understand the understanding. Loudly. Kerner hastily retreated.

Illinois law requires churches to pay taxes on all property not used specifically for worship, and the Illinois Supreme Court has ruled that such taxes must be collected. But neither the constitution nor the courts tell who leans on county and city officials to get them to lean on the churches for non-payment of taxes. The result is that churches are exempt from taxes by tax-collectors' caprice. This, in turn, probably accounts for the Christmongers' indifference to runaway relief costs, which have rocketed upwards from $28.42 for the average Illinois taxpayer in 1939, to a staggering burden of $28.71 in 1963.

Yet to date no one has suggested the only sane solution, which would be to tax the churches to pay the costs of relief, and to sterilize the legislators.

Sterilization, of any sort, should be considered only with great caution, for we must recall the credulous faith in legislative wisdom that made possible Justice Holmes' dictum, "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." (Buck v. Bell, 274 U.S. 200, 1927). Because Holmes never sat in a state legislature it escaped his notice that legislative seats frequently are inherited, so that it is third generation imbeciles who are writing the laws.

Nor can the determination of third-generation mental incompetence be left to the electorate. Holmes' own Massachusetts, which sent Honey Fitzgerald to Washington in his lifetime, two years ago elected grandson Teddy to the United States Senate.

Sterilization, while it merits careful consideration as a means of combatting incompetence and degeneracy among legislators, encounters serious objections as a general public policy. Father McNabb, an Anglican Dominican, said it well. A eugenics conference to which he was a delegate passed a resolution calling for compulsory sterilization of indigents certified by competent moral authority to be moral degenerates. Citing his degrees in moral theology as evidence of his status as a competent moral authority, Father McNabb certified all those voting for the resolution to be moral degenerates.

Beyond the negative measure of rejecting contraception, neither politicians nor Christmongers have suggested a sensible alternative to compulsory sterilization. Seemingly, the common ground of the ecclesiastics and the liberal politicians is the belief that concern over high levels of taxation is the baseless rationale of the mendacious rich. A baby bonus like that of the Canadians would solve the problem. For every kid a castle at Mucking on the Creek and an annual pension for life of 10,000 pounds.

But such a proposal contradicts the Christmongers' own doctrine on birth control: tax moneys should not be used for purposes some citizens regard as immoral, such as contraception. While this is, admittedly, a novel conception of public policy, it is one that deserves more consideration. If the government is to refrain from activities that some citizens feel are offensive to their religious and moral sensibilities, Jews can demand the Department of Agriculture stop inspecting pork. Mormons can have monogamy abolished. Pacifists can keep the 75% of their income taxes that would pay for military expenditures.

And for anarchists, it's a windfall.

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A SERIES ON MAN

A Portfolio of Drawings

by

Irving Marantz

1. Now They Are Free
2. Mary
3. All Men Have Monsters
4. The Faces of Men
5. Balance! Balance!
6. You Cannot See For They Were Blind
7. Guardians of Sleep

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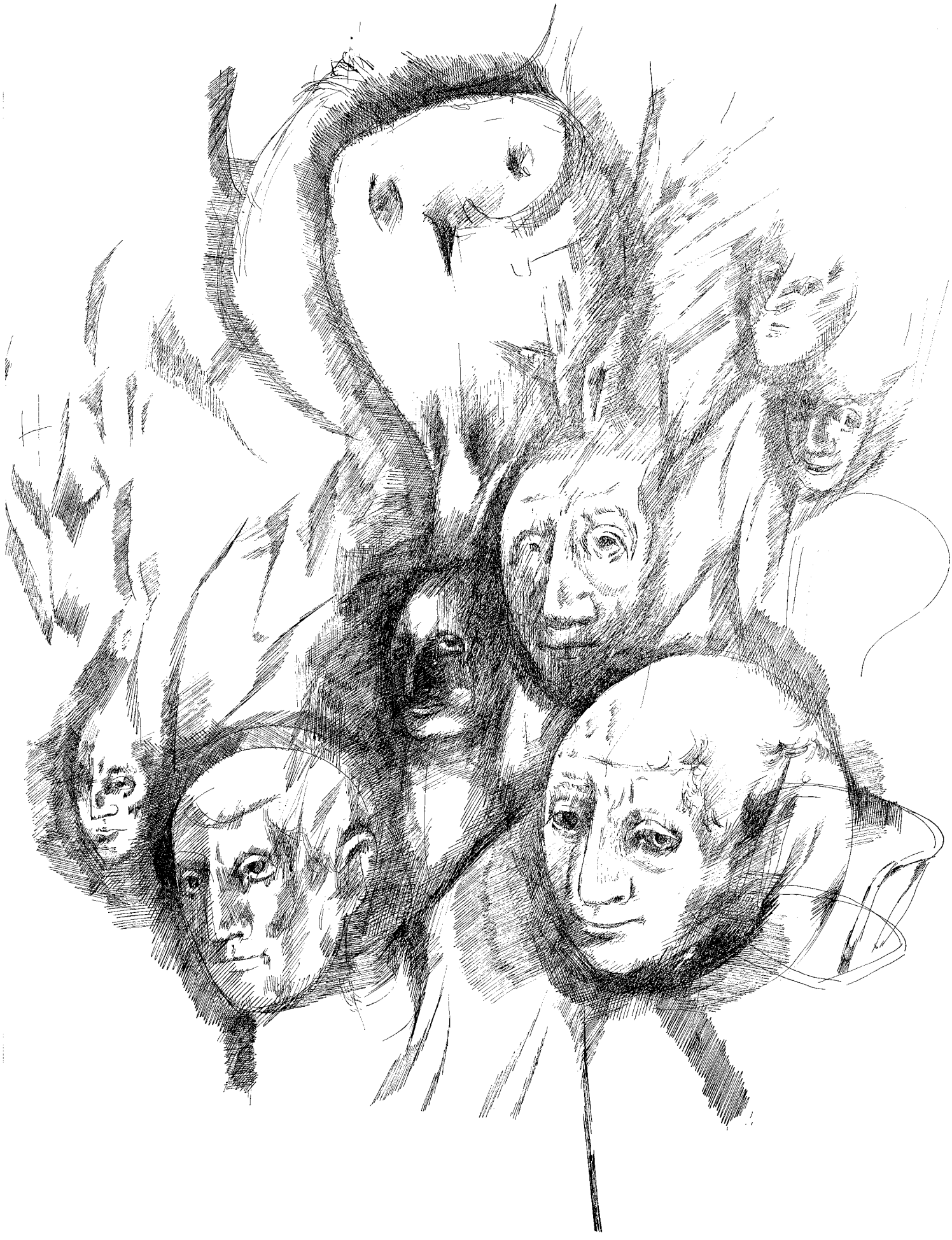

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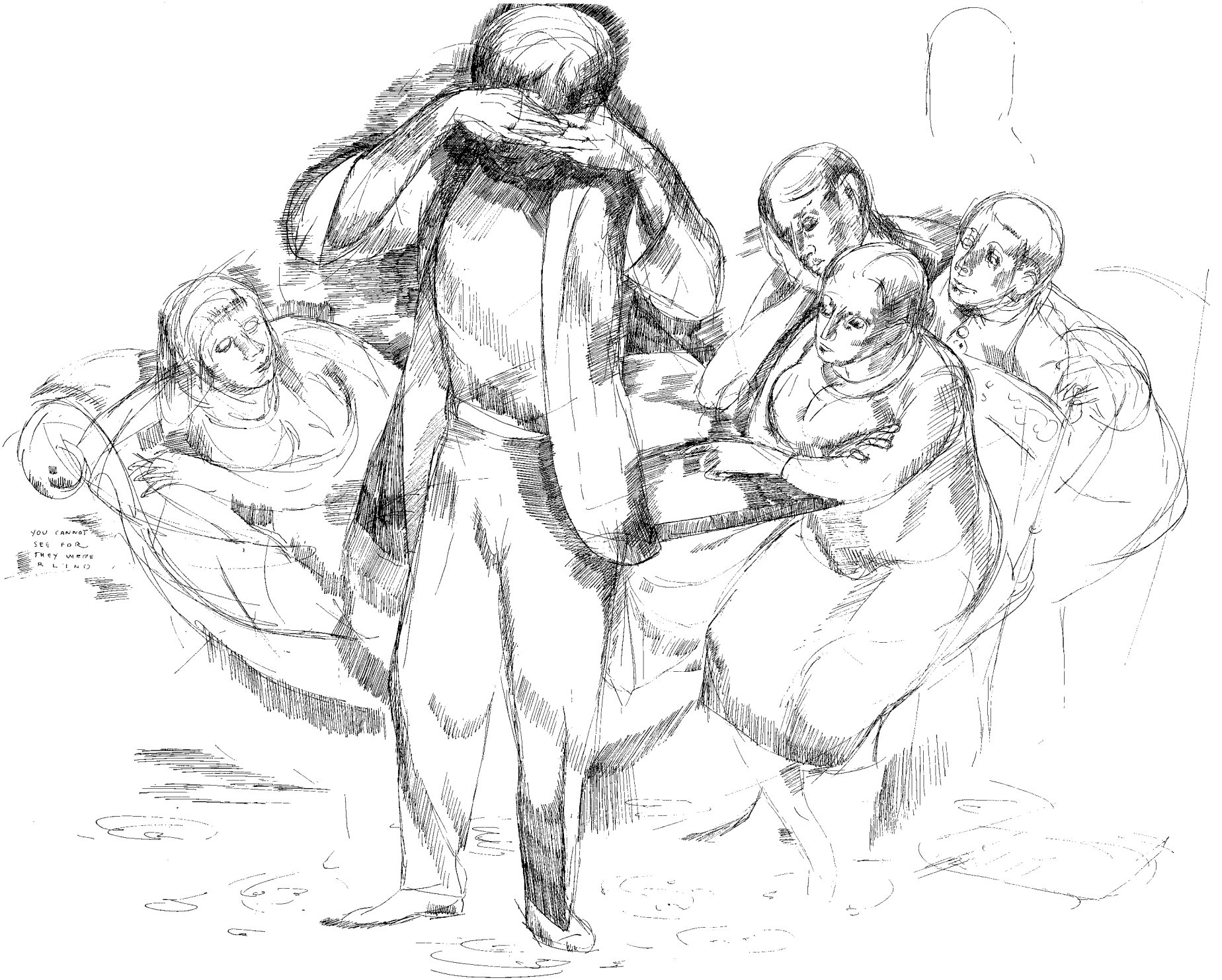

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ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

Willard Marsh

Fleeing Phillie southward, leaving Pennsylvania for the second time in his life, thought Jason, the native son observes the home turf with some passing poignancy. Well, hell, why not? The cradle of liberty's done relatively right by me, and I'm relatively human. If you prick me, do I not bleed?

You provincial bastard, Jason told himself, in a smiling mood again. But still, there it was: the maze and sprawl of Philadelphia, filling the windows of the train to bursting; the streets he'd never rumbled in, being better built for classroom jousts than rumbling; the old man's dental parlor, with a waiting room with magazines the old man and his wife were capable of reading. The twig thus bent, young Jason had flourished into the white hope of the family. Being spaced properly had helped. His older brother was still a stock boy at Wanamaker's, the yeasty dream of business school long soured. Born in more prosperous times, Jason was now free and twenty-one, with a B.A. from the U of Pennsy just strong enough to hook a graduate scholarship at the hallowed ivy league academy in New Jersey. The twins, Hector and Hecuba, had just turned nineteen.

Hector was on the unsalvageable edge of punkhood. Frittering his way through high school, keeping street-corner vigils for the living he was taught was owed him, he was a dossier in search of a case worker. And Hecuba —what's Hecuba to me, that I should weep for her? She'd met a minister from South Carolina this year, married and followed him back to his rural pastorate. Now she was in jail. Served her right for all the Damn-yankee, Communist-inspired, Jew-financed ideas she'd been duped into. That had to be the explanation, because he'd read it in the newspaper. Ever since her arraignment he'd become a faithful subscriber of the paper of the town that held the county farm where she was being worked. No one was really informed unless he read a newspaper daily.

Am I my sister's keeper? Turns out someone has to be, Jason thought, watching the industrial outskirts level off into uncharted wastes that drank the Friday afternoon sun and waited for the population explosion. But while I'm keeping her, I have two other keepings to take care of. I have to keep from getting killed, and I have to keep from getting castrated, spiritually or otherwise. If I go under, I go intact.

The capital of the land of the free in a December dusk, the traveler observes, is brisk with traffic, and in the depot waiting room train-bound and -stranded folk, both white and colored, eye one another with absentminded speculation or indifference. With neither, Jason eyed the passing ladies, now that there was a white young lady in his life.

Chick named Linda Faye Lovett, it turned out. Could that be she, that brittle blonde headed Dixiewards to Daddy for the week end? Or that calorie-burdened brownette with the PanAm bag and giggles—was that Linda Ofay Lovett? The coincidence would be too monstrous. And by the way, it would do no harm to give up chickwatching during one's Southern sojourn—though I'll be mothered if I'll lower my eyes for every single bitch that passes. Easy, he told himself, taking a few deep breaths for relaxation. It's just delay that gets the hackles up.

When the train was finally called for Char-

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lotte, North Carolina, Jason got himself a window seat, although with night now, there was little to see. He broke open his polysi text, aware that with midterms behind him (his last one had been this morning), finals would be coming up all too soon. He was getting by, he supposed, though of course not as well as he had at Penn—not entirely owing to the difference between graduate and undergraduate work, he sometimes felt uneasily. But he couldn't give his full attention to the print. Suppose someone stopped in the aisle and said, *Ain't that a purty deep book for you to be a-readin, boy? Ain't you skeered hit'll give you uppity ideas?* Well, he could admit that any book was a deep book to an illiterate. And he could go on to admit that he was a boy, although the law would regard him as grown enough to electrocute if he killed anyone. Now *I'll* ask you a question, Jason told himself. You smart-assed spade, what would happen to your scholarship if you drew a stretch on the chain gang? Why, that would depend on the justice of the sentence. Crazy, dad. Then let me ask you another. What would happen to your grades if you missed a month or two of school?

Irritably, Jason turned back to the chapter opening, trying to get some sense from it the second go-round.

The train pulled into the Charlotte depot a little after two a.m. In the lonely hour, as the traveler first set foot on Southern soil, he was fairly inconspicuous. He needed all the anonymity he could get, because even if he tried to help it, the clothes he wore and the way he carried himself would be a luminous chip on the shoulder. And in point of fact, the cab driver Jason ordered to the bus station kept studying him in the mirror with an amused curiosity.

Alighting, Jason gave him a contemptuously large tip, drew a couple of deep breaths and walked briskly into the bus station. Then, thrown off stride in confusion and relief, he saw a colored man talking with the ticket clerk. As he walked up to them, he discovered that they were both beyond belief. The nigger (the only word for him) was recounting some family happening in an almost unintelligible dialect, waving the bus ticket he'd bought and bobbing his humble frizzled locks as Massah Tom chuckled his fat white guts in condescension. Jason glanced around the waiting room, then saw it for the first time outside a photograph: a drinking fountain labeled *White Only*. Seated nearby were a farm couple with a small girl asleep in her father's lap, and a middle-aged man in a linen suit with the look of a country lawyer.

Eventually, Charlie Coon finished his story and did a darky shuffle out the door, presumably to wait there for his public transportation, unless there was a colored waiting room next door. Jason bought his ticket, was told that the bus wouldn't leave until 4:30. He sat down, read for five minutes, breathing deeply, then got up and took a fifteen-second drink of water at the fountain. The three adults wore looks of mild surprise as he returned to his seat. The ticket clerk seemed less surprised than hurt.

The man in the linen suit sat foward expectantly, already beginning to smile, as if about to interrogate a watermelon thief.

"Looky here," he said, "cain't you read proper, a grown-up boy of your age?"

Jason, who had done his growing up with some Mexican kids, cupped his ear with an apologetic smile. *"Como?"* he said, then: *"Chinga tu madre, puto."*

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They waited uncertainly, the stupid crackers, almost willing to swear that he had asked for his bus ticket in right enough American. But because he had returned to his textbook (also in right enough, though pretty turgid, American), the linen-suited man could only turn restlessly to the farm couple and murmur,

"Must be one of them Nigra diplomats from up at the U.N."

"Must be."

"Seems like we're turning the whole world over to them."

"Seems like. . . ."

The room gradually began filling, and occasionally Jason heard newcomers being briefed on his political status. Shortly before four a.m. he glimpsed a state trooper standing beside him. Then he felt a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. He looked up. The trooper's face was calm and tired.

"Better wait outside, boy. We won't have any trouble that way."

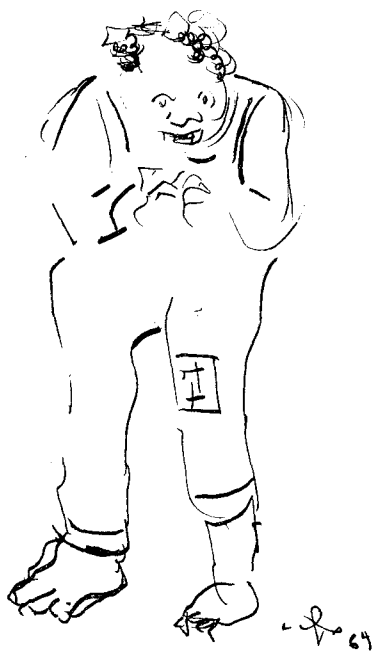
As Jason moved to comply, he said, "Trouble from me, officer?"

The trooper shrugged, following him out the door. "From you or to you, same difference."

"You mean the victim is the guilty party down here? That's a law they haven't gotten around to yet in my home state."

The trooper nodded indifferently, walking off. "This isn't your home state. Leastwise, not yet."

After a moment he heard a phlegmy chuckle in the darkness, turned to make out the form of Jigaboo Jim, the raconteur, leaning against a pillar.



"Oh my, when you fixin to sue the po-lice?"

"What minstrel show did you get your ass kicked out of?" Jason said.

"Same one you're in. They been kickin it, all right. But they never going to kick it *clear* out, yours or mine, don't worry bout *that*. Wouldn't have nothin left to kick."

"I'm curious about one thing. How many pounds of crap a day does it take to feed a nigger?"

"You might could tell me."

"God damn you," Jason said in a furious whisper, "I'm not a nigger. I'm a human being."

"No you not, or you'd say it louder." The chuckle again. "The human bean's are all sittin down in-side."

Christ, what this trip is doing to me, he thought. Will I ever be able to have white friends again?

Along toward 4:30 his bus, which originated here, was thrown open for loading. Jason boarded it, took an inside seat in the exact geometric center. As other passengers came aboard, Jason noticed—puzzled at first, then thrilled to the point of wanting to whoop—that colored people never sat together. They would spread out over the bus and, by occupying the empty double seats, force white passengers to either sit with them or stand. A number did stand, and since it was a long and punishing ride through a December-dreary landscape, their feet had plenty of time to hurt while his paisanos lounged at their ease and chatted across the aisles. Jason, however, was joined by a white grandmother-type who sat looking grimly ahead the whole trip. Since he restrained himself from attacking her, he might have made a moderate out of her by the time they arrived.

It was 8:30 when the Righteous Traveler descended the bus to the more belligerent of the Carolinas, and the R.T. was simply not about to breakfast at a cafe catering to minstrelmen. But because it might have been too early an hour for calling, he took a long walk through a town in a state that was completing his education. The houses for the most part were neat and faded, a generation behind the times and furnished with appropriate inhabitants. But their faces, as he forced himself to meet them squarely, seemed to reflect an angry bewilderment.

At an unlabeled public telephone Jason

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looked up Judge Lovett's address, then stepped into the hotel next to the bus station.

"A rather quaint little town you have here," he told the desk clerk in a British accent. "Somewhat poverty-stricken compared to the rest of the country, but I suppose your lack of industry keeps you stagnant. I may stop over for a few days. What is the rate for your rooms?"

The clerk, a balding brachycephalic with the complexion of a sunburnt baby's pratt, shook his head. "We don't have no rooms."

Jason laughed in goodnatured contempt. "You're a bloody liar, my man."

The clerk turned purple from the novelty of it all, then stalked into an adjoining office. Jason hesitated, preparing to cut out. Maybe he had gone too far. But another man emerged to greet him with a wary smile.

"Are you connected with the U.N., by any chance?"

"I am a national of one of the republics that comprise the United Nations," Jason said.

"I reckoned that was the case. Well, I'm sorry, mister, but we're usually booked up pretty far in advance. There's a motel just outside town that most always has a vacancy, if you'd like me to call a taxi."

"That would be damned decent of you, old sport," said Jason, settling for the microscopic triumph before it turned stale.

With an eye for Jason's ease, the administrator of the crammed-to-capacity hotel selected a cab driven by someone of Jason's hue, who deposited him at Judge Lovett's home on Cherry Lane. It was a modest, white frame house ("gracious," the society page had called it), and Jason rang its bell, too keyed-up to breathe deeply or behave in any other organized way. After awhile the door was answered by the judge himself, older than his photo but still recognizable by the broad, untroubled forehead and the chivalrous nose dividing, like a watershed, calm eyes that never had the need to overflow. There had been no photos of the other members of the family.

"Yes?" A cordial, resonant voice before which only trouble-makers need quail.

Playing it by ear, determined that any consequences were beyond consideration, like outrageous luxuries, Jason said,

"I'm afraid I need some advice, Judge."

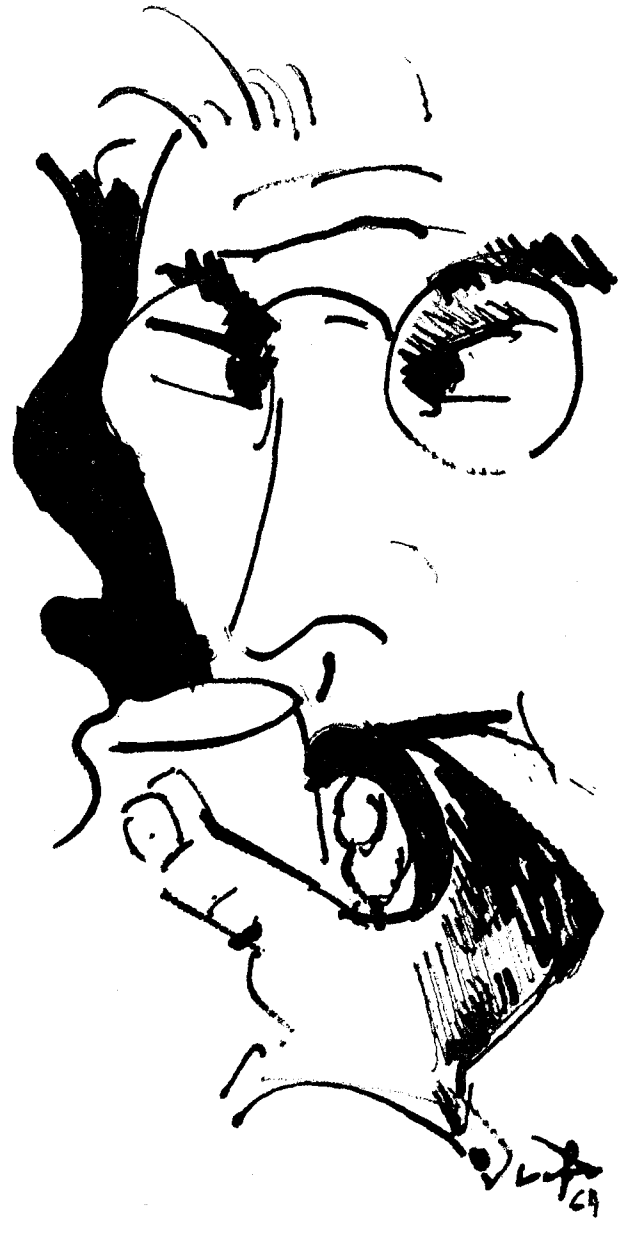
The judge hesitated, then smiled quickly. "I was just about to fix myself a pot of coffee. Will you join me in a cup?"

"That's very kind."

Leading him back to the kitchen, the judge said, "Please have a seat. I b'lieve we can be more comfortable here, with less chance of interruption." The incomplete comparison, as endemic in Dixieland as on MadAve: Pukies taste crunchier, the kitchen is more comfortable —than what?

"I don't believe I've seen you before," the judge said idly, measuring coffee at the immaculate sink. "Are you new to this locality?"

"Completely. I have a sister in agriculture here, whom I intend to visit. But I felt that visiting you had higher priority." Jason watched him put a flame under the coffee pot. "By the way, Judge, we aren't about to break the law, are we? Haven't Negroes been jailed for attempting to drink coffee with their superiors?"



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The judge's smile hardened, but remained in place. "I'm afraid you're the victim of misinformation. We don't regard any race as superior or inferior here. We merely acknowledge that they're different. I realize other areas of the electorate refuse to acknowledge a difference, but South Carolina isn't wealthy enough to be unrealistic."

"Why not?"

"Because we got licked in a war. But you didn't come here for a debate. I b'lieve you said you needed my advice?"

"Yes, here's my situation," Jason told him. "I've just begun my Ph.D. in political science at Princeton. I think it's the road to a career with an unlimited future. In government, for instance, with all the new African nations . . . ." The judge was nodding noncommittally. "But that's several years away. I'm a scholarship student, and my family helps me out as much as it can, so I'm getting by financially. But meanwhile, my girl has gotten herself pregnant."

The judge smiled, shaking his head in commiseration.

Jason smiled back. "That was an ungallant way to put it. Subconsciously trying to weasel out of it, I suppose. Oh, I know she's played around plenty—she was a long way from a virgin when I met her. But I have no doubt that I'm the father."

He stood up and began pacing, as if to stretch his legs, but actually to keep the kitchen table between them. "She could quit school and work for awhile till the baby comes," he said thoughtfully. "That would take care of the hospital bills. We could squeeze by, I guess." He paused and looked at the judge. "Or, we could play it safe, get an abortion and wait for a planned family with a financial cushion for it."

The judge waited. "Is that your question to me?"

"That's it."

"Then I say forget the abortion. It's illegal, it's dangerous, it's expensive, and it'll leave scars on both of you."

"Thank you, Judge. I was hoping you'd see it that way. And underhanded as it was, I hope you'll understand why I delayed introducing myself. I didn't want your opinion to be colored by emotion." He smiled bashfully. "This is a hell of a time to tell you, but I'm Bill Basie."

The judge looked puzzled. "Should the name mean something to me?"

Now it was Jason's turn to be puzzled. "Didn't Linda Faye write you? I'm your future son-in-law."

Right between the motherloving eyes. It was a spectacle worth coming seven hundred miles to see.

"I don't b'lieve you," the judge said, punch-drunk. Then the sound of the words partially revived him. "How did you meet her?"

"New Jersey's a small state, Judge. Especially in college circles. One of her sorority sisters at New Brunswick—a colored girl I'd known—invited me to a dance, and there was Linda, looking perfectly *linda*—that means beautiful in Spanish, as you know—and," he shrugged, "it was love at first sight."

He was hoping the judge would ask him the name of his daughter's sorority at the New Jersey College for Women. But the judge, considerably older than he'd been when he'd answered the door, seemed bludgeoned into tentative acceptance.

"I can't b'lieve it," he said, and since this was irrelevant, he overruled himself. "How long—how far along is she?"

"A little over two months, so it'll be a seven-month baby. Happens every day, because the seventh month is often—"

"It won't be any kind of baby."

Now Jason felt the full force of the judge's contempt. It stunned him into impotence, until anger quickly gave him back his strength. He assumed a shocked expression.

"Why, Judge, abortion is as illegal as a sit-in. What made you change your mind? Shouldn't we talk it over with my future mother-in-law first?"

The judge bent with a wince, as if he'd gotten a stomach cramp; then he straightened, rose from his chair and walked out to the hall. Jason stepped after him, heard him attempting to put through a long distance call. Since it was Saturday (and he hoped it was beautiful weather in New Brunswick), with any luck Judge Lovett's daughter would be away from her sorority house. Christ, wouldn't it be perfect if she were off on a shack job somewhere for the entire week end?

Now he noticed, propped on a kitchen cupboard near some letters, a tinted photograph of a mousy, chubby ash blonde with dental braces, who, if she was Linda Faye Lovett, was pretty unlikely to be off on any shack job. He leafed quickly through the letters, found one with her return address. Poor unlucky Linda, her language was as drab as her looks; it was taking time to make new friends at college, the weather was simply horrid, and she missed them both so

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awful. . . . Smiling gently as he read the misspelled schoolgirl scrawl, he thought, Why, she's worse off than Hecuba, because *her* stretch is a life sentence. Jason sighed. The hell with it, he decided. I've got what I came for, the coffee break is over.

Then he sensed the presence of the judge behind him. He turned, flushing, and stuffed the letter back into the envelope.

"Just wondering why she hasn't had the courage to write you about us," he mumbled.

Ignoring the act and the remark, the judge reseated himself at the table and waited stiffly. Now Jason was hungrily aware of the aroma of coffee. He found cups and saucers in the cupboard, spoons at the drainboard, set the table and poured.

"Thank you," the judge said, sipping absently at his cup. He set it down hard, spilling half of it. "I'm warning you that you can consider yourself my house prisoner. If you attempt to leave before I talk to my daughter, I'll order your arrest. When I get hold of her, I'll see that she comes home immediately. There will be no excuse for marriage."

Jason finished his coffee deliberately, letting his reactions settle. Meanwhile, the judge remained fixed in place, as if posing for a slow-exposure camera study.

"I'm trying to understand your position, sir," Jason said honestly. "Don't you ever allow for exceptions? Try to look at it this way. In just a few short years I'll have a doctorate from an Ivy League university. It could eventually bring me an income five times yours." The judge nodded slightly, not contesting it. Encouraged, Jason said more deferentially, "I have a future better than that of any white man Linda could attract." He hesitated awkwardly. "Let's face it, she's no movie star. Neither am I, but men don't have to sell their looks for security. Women do. Along with an ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. I think Linda's lucky that I love her." When there was no response, he said, "Look, we won't be living down here. We'll be traveling in governmental circles; probably abroad. All this, of course, completely aside from the fact that you don't own her and she happens to be in love with me."

Caught up in the script he had created, banqueting in foreign embassies with a marble-skinned Galatea he had masterfully shaped from adolescent fat, malocclusion, and mangled syntax, he waited for the judge's begrudged acknowledgment of reason. After which, Jason could magnanimously consent to her abortion, promise to reconsider their engagement, then take off, stopping just long enough to pass the word to Hecuba. When it spread, it would get the sit-ins through their remaining days a little faster.

The judge turned to him. "I own her. Just as she owns me. And I'm a trifle too old to learn my responsibilities from an outsider, regardless of his blood. I don't say this lightly, but before I see her in miscegenation I'll see her in her grave. And if I have to see her in hers, I'll see you in yours."

Abruptly, Galatea's face relapsed to unworked dough, her scrawny lips gaping in abhorrence as she cried ray-yip! ray-yip! in her father's twangy diphthongs.

Carefully pouring and sugaring another cup of coffee, Jason drank half of it before he sat back with a conciliatory smile.

"Well, at least we can agree that our first concern is Linda's well-being. I didn't mean to come down so hard on her deficiencies," he said, "but a parent can't always see them. I can love her in spite of her faults, just as you can. She can't read anything beyond the level of a movie magazine, her tastes are hopeless, she can't speak two consecutive sentences in English, but she can't be blamed for being ignorant. What was there in her background to give her any glimpse of civilized living? Oh, she'll straighten out eventually, of course," he chuckled indulgently. "Right now, she's a rebel. Kicking off family restraints, I guess. Strews her clothes all over the floor, goes for days without bothering to take a bath. Personally, I kind of like it. It gives her a nice, funky smell. But there's one thing I don't suppose you know about her," he said earnestly, "and it makes all her defects seem beside the point. She's just about unbeatable in bed."

The judge slumped forward, holding his face in his cupped hands. "Please don't speak to me for awhile."

It was a pleasure to oblige him. Jason wanted nothing more than just to sit and watch those contorted shoulders.

But twenty minutes later the phone rang, and when Judge Lovett hurried to it and didn't return, Jason knew the jig was up. The jigaboo was up, to be precise. This was the part of the trip that he hadn't rehearsed, and now he wished he had. Well, it was a nice ride while it lasted. Too bad Linda Faye wasn't more popular Saturday mornings.

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The judge came past him like a halfback sprinting for a garbage pass. Jason stuck his foot out too late. He knew he'd never make it halfway to the nearest ditch, but he didn't even get the chance to try. He'd just got the kitchen window up, got a leg over the sill, when he heard the judge shout *Halt*!

Jason froze, his back muscles bunching as they braced for the impact of both muzzles. Breaking and entering, he thought in despair, he'll say I came through the window. He started to fall, then opened his eyes in disbelief and steadied himself. Moving with the utmost caution, unable to control his trembling, he pulled his leg back inside, slowly closed the window and raised his hands high in the air.

"Shoot me in the back," he said, "you can't miss. You're a brave man, murder me."

"I nearly did," the judge said in awe. "I b'lieve I nearly did."

Keeping his hands in the air, Jason turned around. The judge lowered the pistol he was holding, set it on the table and folded into a chair. His head was sunk between his arms.

Jason dropped his hands. "That's not the way to kill a nigger," he said. "Not man to man. That brings you down to the nigger's level. You have to get a dozen other men to help you, and you have to get drunk first so you can have the guts, and even then, you have to all wear masks. Then you tie the nigger to a tree," Jason chanted, "you cut his nuts off, shoot him in the belly, and burn him while he's still conscious. *That's* the way to kill—"

But the judge was weeping openly now, a grown man grieving that he'd nearly taken life or been prevented, crying out in relief that his daughter was still unmongrelized, crying out anticipation of the nightmares for the next four years of Northern college life, for didn't *he* know the hidden hankering for black flesh, and wasn't she her father's daughter?

There was a scrap of toilet paper behind Judge Lovett's left ear lobe, evidently stuck there to staunch a shaving nick, His thinning hair, combed to cover his spreading baldness, wasn't too successful at the job. Jason resented having to see him as only a man of ordinary vulnerabilities.

The judge sat upright, his face drawn but under control again. "But why," he said incredulously, "*why*? What kind of monster are you?"

A jovial-looking woman in a flowered hat came in from the hall. "Excuse me, dear, I didn't know you had—" She hesitated uneasily in the doorway as her eyes rested on the pistol.

"Everything's perfectly all right," the judge said calmly. "There's nothing wrong at all, but please send for Hobie Yandle."

She exchanged a quick look with him, then shut the door. Jason could hear her start to dial.

The judge put the pistol in a nearby sideboard. "I'll ask you again. What was your purpose in perpetrating such a vicious practical joke?"

"It *was* a joke, wasn't it?" Jason glanced at his watch. "But you had just a measly half hour of it. How would you like it day in and day out for sixteen days, with fourteen more to go? That's the joke you played on my sister. I'll have to admit that yours was funnier."

"Who is your sister?"

Jason merely gave him an unamused smile.

The judge reddened. "I resent your insinuation. You are the only one answerable for your crimes. The law doesn't use kinfolk for retaliation."

"Doesn't it? I do."

"Don't worry, it's nothing that you can't be cured of," the judge said. "Now, you imply I gave your sister a thirty-day sentence. What did I think she was guilty of?"

"Delusions of grandeur."

The judge sat back. "Was she by any chance

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among the group of trespassers in the drug store incident?"

"Not until she'd finished her shopping at the cosmetics counter. She became a trespasser when she reached the soda fountain. When you decided that, I know you had a remarkable sense of humor. Who's Hobie Yandle?"

"He's our chief of police," the judge said. "He'll give you the opportunity to have an extended visit with your sister."

"And then we start all over again?" Jason asked, surprised to discover that he still hadn't run out of adrenalin. "What kind of jokes do you think that will make me capable of when I get back to New Jersey? Or if I decide to come down here again?"

The judge got quickly to his feet, his face stiff with anger. "You're really asking for it, aren't you?"

"You see, we're finally down to the language of diplomacy: 'If you want a war, you can have one.' We're at war now, judge," Jason said unhappily, feeling that it was probably true and wondering how it had come about. "Let's not have any escalation. You had your chance to kill me. If you can't do it now, let me go. There's no stage we can stick at in between."

The front doorbell rang.

"You've committed a crime," the judge said stubbornly. "I'm not sure what to call it. Maybe not a grave one, but a crime, nevertheless. As an officer of the law, I cannot condone it. Nor can I as a man."

"Kill me *before* I give you grounds," Jason insisted quietly, "not *after*. That'll be too late for both of us."

The judge set his face grimly and started for the door to the dining room.

"Wait!"

When the judge paused, Jason said: "Then I'll do it for us." He had come around to the sideboard where the pistol lay. "We're condemned to a suicide pact of one kind or another, so why delay it?"

His eyes wavering, the judge smiled uncertainly. "Because I think you're too intelligent."

"Of course—*this* time," Jason agreed. "This time I'm just pretending. You hurt someone I love. I pretended to hurt someone you love. You *did* it. I only *pretended*." Now he allowed himself to fill with fury. "Why, you arrogant son of a bitch. Does that make you think I'm only capable of loving and hating in pretense? Do you still seriously think you people have a monopoly on emotions? If you can't give me life imprisonment right now, in an escape-proof jail, then we're in trouble. Take another look at me. I'm not a South Carolina bible student. What do you think a year on a rock pile would do to me? You just don't *carry* that much insurance."

As the judge stared at him in baffled injury, the door behind him opened and a cop leaned half his bulk inside, his right hand resting lightly on his holster.

"Be of any assistance to you, Judge?"

"What? Oh, thank you kindly, Hobie," he said absently, "just give us another minute." When the door closed, he leaned against it for a weary moment and shut his eyes. Then he stood erect, facing Jason with an air of resignation. But what he was resigned to, Jason couldn't tell.

"Even if I could forget that I'm an officer of the law," he said, "I'm still a man." He waited in mild expectancy.

"So am I," Jason told him. "But you've been one longer than I have. Three centuries longer, so you don't have to prove it. I do."

The judge nodded expressionlessly, turned and strode into the dining room. "Follow me."

And walking lightheadedly the distance to the front door, Jason wondered whether some day, at an hour too late for clairvoyance, it would turn out to be the distance of the corridor from the last cell to the little green door in Columbia, South Carolina.

The police chief, who'd been standing at the parlor entrance chatting with Mrs. Lovett, turned as they came through. The judge held the front door aside for them, and all three stepped out onto the porch. A prowl car with another cop was waiting at the curb.

The judge glanced at Jason. "You came through Charlotte?"

Jason nodded.

"See this man aboard the first bus to Charlotte, Hobie."

The police chief began grinning.

"And Hobie," the judge said sharply, "nothing else. Just see him aboard."

"You're the doctor, Judge," the chief said with a trace of disappointment.

And riding toward town in style with a pair of liveried escorts, Jason decided it was just as well he hadn't got to see his sister. It would only weaken her, make her want out that much more. And he wanted her strong enough to prevail over those of her color who were somewhat more extreme. The boys who really played dirty.

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The Cold Corpse League

Margaret Bennett

From the moment that Abner Doubleday first picked up a Louisville Slugger and knocked the dirt off his spikes, American baseball fans have been collecting statistical records for the game.

Devoted members of the "hot stove league" can argue for hours over who holds the National League record for the most third bases stolen by a shortstop in a night game. During the season, they delightedly store it in their memories when Knuckles Groaty breaks the record for giving bases on balls to center fielders in extra-inning games taking place west of the Mississippi in odd-numbered years.

But now the baseball statisticians are being rivaled by an equally dedicated group of record keepers. This group, which might be referred to as the "cold corpse league," collects airplane disaster records.

Every time an air crash occurs, newspaper reporters and radio and television announcers are quick to help these fans keep informed. "This," they announce excitedly, after reeling off the number of lives lost, "is the worst single-plane disaster in the history of U. S. commercial jet aviation." (It is, of course, not to be confused with the worst disaster involving two commercial piston-type planes in the U. S. or the worst crash at sea involving a single jet airliner or even the world's worst single-plane tragedy involving a commercial airliner.)

The airplane accident aficionados have statistics on the worst military transport piston-type plane disaster, the worst turboprop commercial airline crash involving a single plane, and the worst disasters on take-off, on landing, in storms, in clear weather, at night, in the daytime, and with and without mountains.

When an air disaster is one or two fatalities short of breaking some kind of a record, you can almost hear a collective "shucks" echo across the country, much in the same way that the whole nation groaned when Roger Maris failed to break Babe Ruth's home run record.

This craving for new baseball and air crash records is quite natural. After all, we are world champions in both areas. It would be a severe blow to our national prestige if we failed to keep our lead.

With the current rise in baseball playing and air travel, however, we have no cause to worry. In fact, I feel that we can confidently look forward to the day when a commercial jet airliner with a stewardess named Agnes collides over Yankee Stadium with a military piston-type transport plane flown by a left-handed pilot, and they crash to the field just as the man at the plate establishes a new record for the greatest number of bats broken on foul balls by a redheaded pinch-hitter in a tie-score game on ladies' day. That will be one for everybody's book.

Some Maxims of Jethro Somes

On the Way of the World

Sincerity is the most imitated form of flattery.

Contempt breeds familiarity.

Every price has its man.

On Life

We cannot live without convictions, says the three-time loser.

We are all lifers.

On Love

Love: the most difficult word in the language to pronounce correctly.

The abysmal knowledge that you cannot love any one more than another without first learning to love all equally.

The lucid knowledge that, no matter how much you love all equally, you will never be able to love any one alone.

On Marriage

People look to marriage for bliss. Bliss is ignorance.

The vows of marriage are as nothing compared to the oaths of marriage.

On Charity

It is more blessed to give than to receive. That is to say, you can dish it out but you can't take it.

On War

War is a broadening experience, which sometimes spreads you over as much as a mile.

John Pauker

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MEDITATIONS ON A SUMMER NIGHT

One can go mad
Trying to figure
The rhyme or reason
Of a cicada chirping in the night.

one two three four
one two three
one two three
one two three four five
one two
one two three
one two three four five six

or why sometimes it stops
for a second or two or for a minute
or altogether

Or why the soft black cat
Sleeps and walks and licks himself
So silently,
Then suddenly looks past the green rug
And stares unblinking at some infinitesimal
Something on the linoleum

or why he quits
a round-eyed vigil of the drapes
to stare at me,
and then, his ears twitching to something I can't hear,
moves his head from side to side,
surveying nothing
as far as I can see.

It is sometimes little comfort to realize
That there are people who know the answers
To these questions
And who can fix them in a minute for a fee.

To demonstrate my indiscretion as a boy,
My father would count the fingers of his hand
And tell me (in a voice mounting with disbelief and drama):
"You play with this boy, but soon another comes by
And you play with him. The first boy had to go home
to work, but you don't see this.
Then, the second boy says he has to go and
Mow the lawn, but a third boy comes around who
has already been working and you play with him too.
Pretty soon a fourth boy comes along and you play with him.
Then they all leave and the first boy comes by again
After his work is done and you play with him.
All these other boys have had to leave their play to work
But you've played with them all!"

Which goes to show I guess
That all play and no work when young
Leads one to ponder the nightly sounds
Of a cicada, a cat, and a leaky faucet.

I have given what others
Could use only for laughter.

Tomorrow, if I am strong enough,
I will drive back home and talk to a plumbe

Turner La

LOBO

The winter I turned sixteen,
wolves dropped down from the Wichita h
and slaughtered cattle for miles around.
I heard of a great three-toed lobo
who had left tracks in the snowy ground
of Beaver Creek, near one of his kills.

No one had ever seen him. His tracks
alone convinced the superstitious
that he was not a ghost. Farmers cursed
their ill-fortune and the grey wolfpacks
and set traps to no avail. When spring
arrived, I left home, feeling nothing.

Whatever hold the red dirt hills had
was broken. I could not feel where there
was nothing to be felt. I had known
the family cave too long; I could
not stay. There were things to be seen,
to be killed, eaten, and not shared.

William Childı

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WISHES FOR A TWENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY

Waking from wife and mother
Out of the fiscal year
Unusually early,
I rose to walking weather,
Companionable clouds;
And had I forgotten my age,
There were these and other clues
Toward a day as delicately
Balanced on its edge
As that small cameo
Someone, long ago,
Preserved for me.

All that morning furnished
The visits of friends, of many
I thought dead who merely
Had been out of fashion,
And other such appointments
As uncles, finely frocked
In the old sentiments.
Then, nearly beside
Himself, my father remarked
That I was one year older,
Taking my arm and my shoulder,
With indescribable pride.

At noon, out of the blue
Air of our garden,
While the women, and even men,
Hearing of him, viewed
Our first child at his bottle,
My wife came to me then,
Staying with me a little,
Attending the distress
Of friends of friends in common,
Making them welcome;
Yet she could meet with some,
Severe as any mistress.

Later, with my wife
Meeting with the approval
Of those who knew her well,
And even those farthest off
Among the guests seated
At the long, oval table,
Finding her valuable,
We gathered for the picture,
Leaning into that picture
Which there, in the hall,
Kept wholly visible
All I have ever wanted.

Stephen Parker

AGAMEMNON

Agamemnon,
your name like a sable muff
in winter; warm, safe,
self-contained;
the pride of one hand
touching the other, loving
the same lover.
Agamemnon,
all your battles won,
returning home.
Your name like a sable drum
summoning, ponders on
its own triumphal
crown, Agamemnon.
Agamemnon, Agamemnon,
Tongue of lizards
coiled in the royal rug
will conspire
against you.
Blood of Priam's sons,
you might have known
that dark and thundering sound
was not your own
when something whispered
(a moth in the muff, in the rug, on the drum)
there is no god, none,
none but
Agamemnon.

Frank Polite

DESPAIR

After my investigations
of the bright wool sky, the War.
San Francisco? Seattle? Then,
how many miles down the beach, Los Angeles
entered the air. Fireflies
jutted up a bush of oil.
Then where I was the sky lit. A kimono
tore. A golden bird
was born and fell on us from somewhere.
Six silver oblongs, the size of pigs,
pricked the sand with wistful squeaks.
Then the soft top
of the car came down black.

Later, I was falling like a flake of snow:
on the beach, salt darkness.
I looked up to see what ebbed, and then.
The golden bird. The fireflies.
The top fluttering down again.

Thomas Clark

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Vercors

All human undertakings have at least one point in common: their tendency to become denatured, to deviate before obstacles, slowly to lose sight of the motives that originally prompted them, until they sometimes actually produce the opposite result.

For instance, we have all known the sort of people who found a charity to provide, let us say, work for the blind. After a year or two, in order to obtain funds for it, they enlarge their enterprise to include also deaf people and consumptives. A few more years pass, and as the output of all those invalids is necessarily small, a certain number of healthy people are engaged to increase production. There comes a time when, in order to give the factory a chance to develop, the promoters begin to wonder if it would not be a good thing to get rid of the less productive workers, and in the first place, therefore, of the blind. . . . If nobody then reminds them that the enterprise was started ten years earlier for the very purpose of helping the blind, they will soon find themselves with a business which, while prosperous, has no longer the slightest connection with its origin.

Well, something of the sort is happening nowadays in the field of arts, and, more particularly, in painting. People have never painted so many pictures, there have never been so many painters, in France especially, but also in other countries, nor have people ever bought so many paintings and at such high prices. And finally, one has never argued so much about the way in which one should or shouldn't paint, with such passion and so much invective: the "abstractionists" jeer at the figurative artists, who in turn make cracks at the "abstract" ones. And both are perfectly agreed to despise "realism," above all if it is "socialist"; whereas the "realists" treat all the others as decadent and petits-bourgeois. For never, too, have people been so far from remembering why mankind one day began to paint. The origins of art, of all the arts and the spiritual needs that gave rise to them, are like the blind in the story I told you: one has completely lost sight of them. And that's why there reigns such confusion.

Actually, this confusion is nothing new. It started in the last century, when the impressionists became aware that painting was getting bogged down in academic "recipes" and decided to go back to painting out of doors in order to rediscover the true colors of nature as it is, and not as taught in the official Art School, in the dusty chiaroscuro of the studios. Thereupon their successors noticed that impressionist painting, specifically analytic, lacked in construction. So they gave priority to construction over truth of coloring, and thus gave birth to cubism. Whereupon other artists found that the cubists were really too rationalistic, that

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they left out all the mystery of the inner life. Those new painters therefore rejected intelligence in favor of instinct and dreams and produced surrealism. Whereupon other painters considered that surrealism was doubtful, and anecdotal, and decided that art, real art, should not represent things, and they gave birth to abstract painting. Whereupon, today, many young painters are getting a little frightened and begin to wonder what on earth will become of art if, for centuries to come, it goes on like this, being nothing but an endless game of shapes and colors, which any kaleidoscope can imitate with far less trouble.

So much so that the famous cry: "And I, too, am a painter!" which *seemed* to express quite clearly the feeling that prompted it, would have no precise meaning today. We need only imagine that this exclamation was made, not by Corregio in front of a picture by Raphael, but by Paul Klee in front of a portrait by David or, better still, by Rubens in front of the black and red squares painted by Mondrian. The contrast makes one smile, but, if you think about it, the smile soon fades. The thing, though perhaps paradoxical, is not, after all, quite unthinkable. Yes, in a way, it *could* happen. Mondrian's squares might fire the enthusiasm of a young artist who, after seeking his own way for a long while, would end up painting after the manner of Raphael. Just like another who, first thrilled by Rubens, might find his true style, on the contrary, in Kandinsky's heritage. But then, if Rubens, Cézanne, Miro, Breughel, or Kandinsky are all similarly great artists, one is led to wonder what, in the last resort, can be the meaning of painting. It is no longer enough to say that painting is the art of organizing a surface. There's no longer any common yardstick for the way of organizing a surface between the flat squares of Mondrian and the precious subtleties of Vermeer of Delft, or between Paul Klee's graffiti and Rembrandt's illuminations. Painting, therefore, is something else. But what?

Isn't it very strange that we can ask this question without the proper answer immediately coming to our mind? Yet it is a fact that, in the last two or three decades, several hundred books have been written on art without supplying a definitive answer to this question—at least to my knowledge. Oh, there has been no lack of answers of all sorts! Among this galaxy of learned writers, everyone has suggested his own. All widely different, of course, according to whether the art of painting is represented, in the writer's eyes, by Raphael or by Tobey or by Henri Matisse or by Madame Vieira da Silva. For some, the art of painting resides in the quality of the "rendering," in the splendors of the flesh and draperies of Peter Paul Rubens; for others, it lies in the rhythm and icy purity of Mondrian's squares; for others again, it is found in the poetry that pervades the paintings of Corot, or the fiery exaltation of Van Gogh's maelstroms, or in the visceral agony expressed by the monsters of Hieronymo Bosch or Salvador Dali . . . One could go on endlessly. When one has finished reading all those books and their conclusions, far from knowing more about the exact nature of the art of painting, one feels even more deeply entangled in an inextricable muddle.

André Malraux, with his sharp and yet romantic intelligence, has had a good try. But he has only succeeded in telling us that the art of any given period illustrates better than any philosophy the meaning of Man that prevailed in that period. He is right, but what art *itself* is, what painting is inasmuch as it consists of organizing a surface, we still don't know.

And yet, ought we not to be able to know and say it? Isn't this inability of ours quite extraordinary? Perhaps we should go about it some other way? It makes me think of a story that happened to me a few years before the war. I had been invited to a Christmas Eve dinner at a friend of mine, a grain dealer's. He used to spend half his time in France and the other in Argentina. Most of the guests were in the same business, some in Brazil, some in Canada. I felt a bit lost among them, for they knew all about the least fluctuations in the price of wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice, sorghum, corn; all about the causes of those variations—whether climatic, ethnographical, political, or economic. Their well-informed discussion passed high above my head. But then, for the end of the meal, our hostess had prepared a charming surprise: on the dessert-plates there lay a small present for each of us, and next to it, symbolically, a tiny bouquet of cereals, a spray of the cornfields, ripe, bulging ears, bald or bearded. And quite innocently I asked which was wheat, which was barley, which was rye and which was oats. There was a silence, then there were smiles, and at last general laughter: none of those grain dealers was able to recognize them. . . .

For sure enough, they were all very rich, clever, competent and enlightened grain experts. But they had never thought of finding

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out what the grains they sold were like, never wondered what barley and oats actually *were*. For them, grains were a distant, almost mythical stuff which, by hundreds of tons, dwelt in silos or in a port or in a warehouse, which was moved about by means of cables or phone calls, but which one never saw. What ever for? They were speculators, not reapers. In sheaves or in the ear, wheat or corn did not interest them in the least.

I often think of them when I read or hear the subtle judgments and brilliant arguments of our art critics. *Their* remarks too often pass high above my head and sometimes it is just Greek to me. But all the time I feel like asking them: yes, but art, but painting, please, what *is* it, *actually?*

And not only painting. This also applies to music, sculpture, ballet, poetry, literature, and, even more generally speaking, to all the domains of the mind—science, philosophy, ethics, sociology. . . . All these arts, all these subjects, all these human problems have their specialists, who are deeply versed and very knowledgeable in their specialty, provided you do not ask them any too awkward question such as: yes, but Man, but the human person, what *is* it, actually?

If you put this question to a zoologist or a theologian, you won't receive the same answer. Or if you put it to a Buddhist monk or a Marxist philosopher, to a physicist like Einstein or to a French field-marshal. All those great specialists have their own idea of what is Man, and their idea has little in common with that of the others. Yet if we cannot agree on the intrinsic nature of Man, how can we agree on the intrinsic nature of art? For one thing, at any rate, is certain, and that is that art is Man. Outside man, there is no art. So it is no wonder that a doctor, a people's commissar, a country parson, or a colonel of artillery don't have very similar ideas about what is painting. Nor does a medieval artist, or one of the Quattrocento or one of the Sputnik era.

That's just what our art critics, what André Malraux tell us: there are as many arts as there are men. And as he says in *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg,* it does not seem to him that the notion of Man, of Man as such, can have any meaning. To the question he puts himself: "Beneath the creeds, myths and, above all, the multiplicity of mental structures, can there be isolated one permanent fact, valid everywhere and throughout history, on which can be founded the notion of Man?" Malraux replies negatively. According to him, the differences in mental structure between the men of various civilizations—pre-Sumerian, Aztec, Egyptian, Greek, Chinese, and modern (western and eastern)—those differences are such that they do not enable us to conceive an idea of man applicable to them all. His conception is essentially relative, that is to say wavering and elusive, and in this it is impregnated with the spirit of his time, I mean the period of his youth and maturity, a spirit which was, more than anything, a nihilistic resignation to this all-pervading uncertainty, a way of thinking which, in fact, has spread and fortified since those days in a certain intelligentsia.

Now, there is an inherent contradiction in this way of thinking. If the idea of Man can be posed, it can necessarily be formed in our mind. If it can be formed, it exists, at least intuitively. And if it exists, it must be capable of being defined in a permanent concept.

Could it not be that André Malraux, and all those who think like him, poses the question according to a wrong method? After all, they should have been surprised by the fact that, despite such different mental structures, *all* civilizations, even the most primitive ones, have expressed themselves in forms of art. Men of

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all places and all times, therefore, have at least *this* in common, that they have need of art to express themselves. Yes, Malraux agrees, but what they express is different. For he persists in seeking what might be similar in all those mental structures, and naturally cannot find it. So, perhaps, we should choose the opposite course and first compile a catalogue of things which are *not* similar in those mental structures, in order to eliminate them and then see what remains? And if something *does* remain, if we find a common *residue,* would not this residue constitute, by necessity, the nucleus of the idea of Man?

And if moreover, as a counter-proof, we eliminate in the same way all the features in which men resemble animals, in their diverse customs and behavior in all circumstances, and if we again obtain a *residue* by this process, a residue this time not of what we have in common with animals, but of what is lacking in *all* animals and is therefore particular to man and to man alone, would not this residue also constitute, necessarily, the nucleus of the idea of man?

Now if we find, moreover, that these two residues coincide, that on those two coordinates we obtain the same essence of the idea of Man, that identical idea which Malraux is looking for, under all creeds, myths, mental patterns throughout the world and throughout the centuries, would we not have the double proof that this idea exists, and that it is the very one we are seeking?

Let us therefore apply this method and first seek, on the first coordinate, what remains after we have eliminated all the differences between the past and present mental patterns of different races and different human societies, among the countless religions, philosophies, political doctrines, among the innumerable myths and various conceptions of the sacred. What is left? Little enough perhaps, but this little is meaningful. It is that all those myths, all those religions, all those doctrines, all those efforts of the mind, are more or less successful attempts to answer one and the same question, the unique question posed to our mind by the mystery and the difficulty of existence and of death: what *are* we? The answers differ, they even differ to such an extent that it happened over and over again that men killed one another for them. But the very fact that the answers are different, and often even opposed to each other, this just proves that the true answer, the unique answer that could make them all agree, that could bring agreement between a Communist and a Christian, a Chinese general and a Spanish monk, a pre-Sumerian priest and an existentialist philosopher, the answer which only the Cosmos itself could give us if it deigned to reveal to us what it *is* and not what it seems to be, it proves that this one and only answer is unknowable to us. Man thus struggles to know what he is intrinsically prevented from knowing, what he is forbidden to know. In a word, this struggle is a rebellion against his ignorance, and against the ills, agonies, and hardships it entails.

If we now seek on the other coordinate what it is that remains when we have eliminated all that is common to man and beast in what they do, feel, seek, what do we find? Well, we find the same thing. We share with the animals, to a greater or lesser degree, all the forms of our behavior, our instincts, our appetites, our fears and desires, and even, up to a certain point, language and intelligence, in fact everything except the myths, religions, sciences, social theories and philosophical doctrines, that is to say the effects of this unique and eternal, though eternally thwarted demand: to obtain an answer as to what we are and what we should be. The animal (from the protozoon up to the chimpanzee) is governed exclusively by an adamant law: to be and to subsist without ever questioning or protesting, without ever asking itself what it is or why it exists, or how. Man, alone among the millions of animal species, *refuses* to submit to this law of ignorance, or rather of incuriosity. In a word, man alone is a rebel against his fundamental ignorance.

Now, if we know, and accept, this essence of Man, we will by the same stroke find ourselves in possession of the answer we are looking for concerning the essence of art. If Man is a rebel, art can only be one of the forms of his rebellion. And it does in fact appear that the first manifestation of prehistoric man, on emerging from animality, as well as that of the present day primitive is not even the tool (the Australian aborigines have no tools), it is art. And the most gratuitous art. The Australian native neither hunts nor fishes, he does not even make fire, nor builds himself a shelter. Nothing. He lives naked and eats grubs and insects. But he adorns his women with necklaces and shells, and paints his own skin with decorative, multicolored patterns.

This is a very important fact; and one which becomes luminously clear in the light of rebellion. For in order to adorn yourself, you must

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first know yourself. No animal decks itself out with anything but the furs and feathers which grow on its body without asking for its opinion. To *think* of adorning oneself, requires that one has first become aware that one exists, different, separate from the rest of things. It presupposes too that one wanted to appear other than one is, other than nature has made us. It presupposes the wish to assert deliberately that while the animal is *one* with nature, Man and nature are *two*. He stands up to her and defies her. By means of art, and for thousands of years, ever since the first shells used for adornment, ever since the first outline roughly drawn on a rock,

up to the most intricate subtleties of Renaissance and twentieth-century art, Man has kept up his epic attempt, in the face of silent, blind, indifferent Nature, to create another universe at his scale, a human universe, nothing but human, valid and comprehensible for man and man alone. What we call beauty, even if it is the beauty of nature—the beauty of a face, a flower, a landscape—is a part of nature which we have isolated, wrested from its surroundings, from being engulfed in indistinction, and which we carry away into our own universe, a universe that is ours alone, detached from the great Indivision. The concept of beauty, and of art which is correlated to it, is the very first proof of Man's emancipation, of his autonomy and his freedom, proclaimed in the face of nature. The day when, for the first time, Man drew the picture of a buffalo on the walls of his cave was the Bastille Day of humanity, the day of his Declaration of Independence.

Yes, that is what art is, that's why it exists and manifests itself in all civilizations and in all mental structures, and has done so from the days of the cave-men to our times. Viewed in this light, the problems of art which are so strenuously debated today appear in their crude reality as false problems. Realism and abstract art, Rubens' paintings as well as Mondrian's, individual or collective, free or directed art, Henry Moore's sculptures and those of the anonymous craftsmen of the Gothic cathedrals or, in our days, those of certain teams of Soviet artists, all these are questions which, to my knowledge, are never broached under the fundamental aspect of their common measure: the condition of man. We pit those art-forms against each other as if they were mutually contradictory, when they are actually the successive phases, different but complementary, of a single and marvelous enterprise: one of the highest expressions of the rebellion common to all men, whether this rebellion has adopted, at different times and according to the progress in our knowledge, first a magical, then a religious, philosophical, or even political form.

And nothing indeed forms so intimate a part of this marvelous progression in the heart of the human rebellion as art. I am not forgetting science. But science is a fight, it is warfare: the stubborn conquest, pursued day after day and from one objective to the next, of the opponent's territory, where he lies hidden behind the fortifications of the Unknown. Each conquest is a victory, and we know the price we have to pay for it in patience and effort and also, just as in war, in human lives. This loss of human lives calls a story to my mind. You probably know, by name at least, the French physicist D'Arsonval. He was at the origin of many discoveries, but he was an impatient scientist and usually left it to others to bring his inventions to a technical perfection that did not interest him. One day, he came to see a doctor friend of mine who showed him a small box, no bigger than a radio-set, by means of which he treated his patients with a new therapy, called electro-coagulation. This was yet another of D'Arsonval's inventions, but at the time he invented it, the contraption was as big as a wardrobe, and the old scientist had no longer busied himself with it ever since. "So it works, does it?" he asked my friend, gazing at the small box. "And you get good results?"—"Why yes," the

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doctor answered. "And in any case, even if it doesn't do much good, it can't do any harm, can it?"—"That I don't know," said the old man. "What do you mean?" exclaimed my friend. "You're the inventor, you ought to know! It never harmed anybody!"—"Nor did X-rays, for twenty years," retorted D'Arsonval. "And for nineteen years we would have said just like you: if it does no good, at least it does no harm. And then, in the twentieth year, the first cancer appeared. Two years later, all the radiologists who had worked on it in the beginning were dead. So ever since, you see, I've become cautious about asserting anything. . . .

This story is an apt illustration, is it not, of the type of hidden guerrilla warfare that is going on between scientist and deceitful, silent, secretive, and cruel nature. Art is less murderous, being less exposed. It's not a war that calls for victims, it's a creation of the world that calls for builders. The slow and obstinate creation of a human world, of this world of men who have proclaimed their independence and keep proclaiming it endlessly, for they must prove to themselves all the time and over and over again that they are free and independent, since they know very well that, faced with the vast, indifferent, murderous nature, this independence is relative, frail, and must continuously be saved and conquered afresh.

Seen in this perspective, what *are* the various forms of art? They are obviously the diverse forms assumed by this eternal proclamation of independence, the diverse materials with which, day by day and century by century, the vast cathedral of human liberty is being constructed, with which this human, and nothing but human, world is built, which mankind keeps creating with such constant and marvelous tenacity.

How are we to create this human world? And what aspect should we give it? Yes, thereupon, on those problems, one can start useful arguments. They will now at least have a meaning.

Let us try to advance step by step.

What is the first manifestation that a rebel can give of his independence? Surely something that will prove his dissidence, his divorce, some evidence of his breakaway: something that will show that he no longer forms *one* with the Cosmos but *two*, that he regards the Cosmos as an equal, that he stands aloof from it and can examine it proudly? This proof is given by the image, the picture: the picture of what he sees and distinguishes—of what from now on he *knows* that he sees and distinguishes. "The animal knows," Teilhard de Chardin wrote, "but man knows that he knows." If he is a primitive, he will draw a reindeer or a buffalo on the wall of his cave, thus showing that he knows that the shape of a buffalo is not that of a rhinoceros. The animal, too, can tell a tiger from a rabbit, since he flees from the former and attacks the latter. But that distinction is not the fruit of a conscious awareness of its mind. The animal runs away from the scent of a tiger, pursues the scent of a rabbit, it does so without even knowing them, with no need even to have ever seen them. His acts are just the reflexes of his own species which possess it entirely, and to which he obeys without his consciousness having any need or occasion to intervene. Whereas the first man who etched the outline of a buffalo on a wall had to carry out a terrific mental operation: he had to forget his ancestral reflex, and not only forget it but drive it out, destroy it within him, and replace it by conscious observation, an observation guided by the will to know. He had to perform a double act of rebellion—to rebel against his conscious ignorance, but first of all rebel against his unconscious knowledge. For if he had not first destroyed this unconscious knowledge within him, inherited from millions of ancestors before him, he would never have been able to acquire conscious knowledge, which is built up by himself and valid for himself alone.

This effort of the mind, this two-way rebellion—rejecting first, and then willing—is still made by us every day only we have stopped noticing it, our fundamental rebellion has become so integral a part of our persons that we no longer perceive it. But it is there all right. Thus, for instance, when a nomad meets a dromedary, and then a rider on horseback, he recognizes them spontaneously, without any need to think. But now suppose that there appears on the horizon a humped silhouette, dark against the sky. His instinctive reflex tells him: "Dromedary." But his conscious reflection adds: "Unless it is a horseman?" And so he rejects the dictates of his instinct, he deliberately forgets his unconscious knowledge which would doggedly stick to its dromedary, in order to bring into play his conscious powers of analysis. His eye, guided by reason, will seek out the differences which will tell him, against his instinct, whether what he perceives in the distance is indeed a dromedary and not a mounted horse. We do this kind of work all the time, whether we are looking for

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a friend in a crowd, or for an object on a desk: in each case we rebel twice over without realizing it. The first time we rebel against our instinctive grasp which mixes up everything and, by preventing us from sorting out, also prevents us from finding the object; the second time, we rebel against the vacuum thus created inside us, by filling it with an abstract, that is to say, an anti-instinctive reconstitution of the object we are looking for, and this will enable us presently to recognize it among others.

This process, with its twofold opposition to our animal nature, has become so normal in all the acts of our daily life that we have become almost unable to be clearly aware of the process itself. Perhaps nature within us takes its revenge in this way against this continuous rebellion, by hiding from us the very existence of this rebellion, by letting us get so used to it that we have stopped knowing it is there. But when we think of it, we discover how very extraordinary, how fabulous the victory was which the first man won over his instinctive knowledge, when he suppressed it, and, substituting conscious analysis, drew the first buffalo on the wall of his cave.

I said this was the first manifestation of man's victory over his subjection to his instincts—in other words, to all that is not *himself,* not his person, but part of the Cosmos, of the Universe. The first manifestation of his independence proclaimed in the face of nature. It was it and still is, for if the primitive engraves on the rock-wall horses, gazelles, buffaloes or reindeer, thus wresting away, by analysis, distinct bits of nature which his unconsciousness, his instinct, mixed up in an inextricable muddle, the child feels impelled, for the same reasons, to draw funny figures, houses, trees in his notebook. When the child is a little older, or the primitive a little more advanced, these drawings will gradually turn into portraits, still-lives, or landscapes. In short, the first manifestation of man's independence is those pieces of nature which we have detached with our rebellious mind, pieces of the Cosmos we have wrenched off and carried away with us into dissidence.

Now what will happen a little later? Man will no longer be content with proving his independence by these bits of nature he has taken away. He will try to strengthen his independence, and cut the last bonds which still keep him linked to nature. He will give ever more play to his imagination, now that it is freed from the Cosmic magma. At first he will make use of his memory only, that is to say of the pieces he had previously abstracted from nature, by organizing them in his own way without nature's help. He arranges trees, people, horses, not in the way he actually saw them arranged before him, but in an order invented by himself, by means of which he makes them say what he wants to. His divorce from nature becomes more marked. It will become even more marked with the invention of ever less real characters—angels, demons, monsters, and gods. He soon becomes aware that, under his brush, a world of shapes comes into being which has no longer anything in common with things as such: curves, surfaces, rhythms. He goes on detaching this world of shapes ever further from the objects that had first suggested them until he turns them into ever more abstract creations. All the forms of plastic art oscillate henceforward between those two poles: conquered reality, and elaborated unreality. The former (proceeding from photographic realism) gives, by its accuracy, its likeness, the measure of our ability to grasp the aspect of reality in its structure and detail and to integrate nature in our universe by means of representing it; the latter (which ends in pure abstraction) gives the measure of our ability to build a world utterly distinct from reality and thus consummate our secession. Art, as can thus be seen, is endlessly in pursuit of an apparently contradictory synthesis: to integrate nature in us, and to consummate our divorce from her.

Apparently contradictory: for in fact the contradiction is more apparent than real. Pictorial representation can express only the appearance of things: thus, the most faithful, the most "resembling" realism is still the result of a choice, an interpretation. On the other hand, the abstraction of pure forms still presupposes, if they are to be "seen," that they can be apprehended by our senses. So they still form part of tangible reality. They are re-immersed in it just when they seem to be escaping from it. The divorce is never complete.

And indeed, though the reindeer drawn by the cave-man asserts his original separation by his will to represent the object thus set apart and isolated, it does so much more symbolically than realistically. The main thing for our ancestor was not so much to integrate the real reindeer in its structure and detail as to prove that the concept "reindeer" had been wrested from the Indivision of the Cosmos. This, by-the-way, is the prime concern of the primitives as well as of children, for whom representation

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has the meaning of writing rather than of imitation. Not so much because they are incapable of grasping the exact aspect of reality as because they are indifferent to this problem. Art and science have, in this respect, followed a parallel course: science too was, in its beginnings, almost symbolical, far less concerned with discovering the reality of phenomena than asserting the secession of the human mind by this opposition to the superior powers. That's why science started as magic.

Similarly, the first step in art was to represent *concepts*, merely to prove that these had risen in our minds and, by the same stroke, prove our independence from the Cosmos. With the second step there already appears the duality of a will in two directions: the will to conquer and the opposite will to be free. The will to conquer nature and to integrate it presupposes that one is able to possess it in its structure and detail. The artists who want to be solely and purely conquerors thus tend towards a minutely exact imitation of tangible reality (certain German painters of the fifteenth century came very close to it: a dewdrop on a leaf required their putting into practice as numerous and complex means as Greco used for one of his historical compositions). Conversely, the will to total liberation leads to the pure abstraction which we see flourishing nowadays. But the abstract painters themselves would no doubt refuse to admit that the urge for total liberation is their only motive power. They will contend that their quest also tends towards an integration of reality—but of a deeper and more secret reality which is hidden from us by the outward appearance of tangible reality.

Yet the painstaking Germans sensed those deeper, secret laws, quite as much under a drop of dew or the ribs of a leaf: their still-lives, their bunches of flowers, in their two-dimensional arrangements, corresponded to an inner rhythm, an implacable pictorial rhythm. There is no classic work of art of lasting value in which this rhythm is missing—from which there is missing the creation or the intuition of an abstract universe of Man's own, and his alone—that is to say, of his divorce and his rebellion.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the greatest art is the one which expresses this rebellion most vigorously. Either by its form or by its contents. What makes the greatness of Poussin, Vermeer, Chardin, or Renoir is not the landscape of the object, the piece of nature that served them as a model, it is the musical universe of their minds to which they compel nature to conform, that is to say, to submit. And why are we so shaken, so profoundly moved by Van Gogh's landscapes? Surely because never perhaps before him a painter had expressed so violently, with every stroke of his brush, this painful feeling of rebellion to the point of fury and madness.

But this rebellion, this revolt, can also find expression in other fields. For unfortunately, though man is truly human only in rebelling against his natural law, all men are not rebels. There are many who think they are men because they have learned to speak and imitate the gestures of the tribe and who, at bottom, are merely wolves. Who only see in other men, not their fellow-fighters in this great and ceaseless battle, not their brothers, but a prey for their desires, an instrument of their appetites, an obstacle to their ambitions. Those men are literally traitors, traitors to the rebellion and traitors to humanity, for they are nature's accomplices and servants in the utter lack of ethics that defines nature. The battle against those men and the battle against nature merge into one and the same battle. One of the peaks of revolt against nature was reached by Vincent van Gogh in his terrible landscape with the three suns. One of the peaks of revolt against the tyranny of wolves was reached by Delacroix in his famous painting of the barricade, yet another is the terrifying series of Goya's miseries of war. One of the peaks of those two revolts together, against nature and against the wolves, is Picasso's picture entitled "Guernica."

I like to mention Picasso here, because for the last forty years, he has always been at the center of all arguments, and because while there is no more famous painter than he, there is also no more hotly discussed painter, probably because there is not perhaps a painter alive today who is more truly rebellious than he. A rebel in form, a rebel in substance, a rebel in all his self-expressions, it is just by this total rebellion that he so often bewilders his most fervent admirers. For he passes from laughter to anger, and from anger to love. But his laughter is angry, and his anger full of love, and his love combines anger and laughter. Seeing him laugh like this, some people wonder whether he is serious, if he is not making fun of people: and it is true that he does make fun of people—but only of those who are scared by this enormous rebellion and who don't like men to laugh at

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nature because they are deeply afraid that nature will take her revenge.

The great adventure of Picasso's art, its complexity and perpetual struggle, is symbolical of the great problem that is stirring up contemporary art. And while Picasso has solved it for himself, he is perhaps the only one to have done so till today, at least so completely. For—and here we come back to the outset of this talk—we now perceive the weakness of the theories which are trying to find an answer inside art itself, without digging down to its well-spring, that is to say, to the human condition. We have seen that pure realism does not exist. That, while at the beginning it is a will to integrate tangible reality, this will soon is complicated by an opposite will to liberation, by means of creating a universe of imagined or imaginary forms, comprehensible to men and to men alone. In other words, it is soon transformed into *language*. And this is a secondary but essential aspect of the human rebellion: men's constant efforts to break out of their loneliness, to bring about their communion. We can thus already see that if realism becomes moreover "socialist," it means that the artist is canalizing (which implies the risk of limiting) the will to integrate reality which underlies this form of art, with a view to a practical purpose: the struggle for the communion of men.

We have also seen that non-figurative art, of any kind, is first of all a will to liberation by means of pure creation. But also that this will is adulterated at birth by the impossibility to do entirely without tangible reality, that is to say our inability to attain a complete separation of the mind from the Cosmos. Moreover, to the very extent to which the artist gets closer to victory, which might well constitute an icy solitude for the artist, at least the superhuman (inhuman) solitude of the yoghi. It seems that wisdom lies in never losing sight of an age-old myth: that of Antaeus who loses his strength when his feet stop touching the earth.

That is why pictorial art, and abstract art in the first place, run a great risk today. For the painters are tempted to forget that since the mission of art is to be opposed to nature, it cannot be "just anything." Art has a definite direction. And it is dangerous to reverse this direction out of ignorance or contradiction. All experiments are not fruitful. Some are intrinsically harmful. For example, it is no doubt a human fact, a fact that proclaims our humanity, and therefore an artistic fact, for a child or a primitive

man to dash ink on a piece of paper in order to spread the stain with his pen into unexpected patterns in which he recognizes at random an insect, a dragon, a piece of lace, a flower. But at the stage of an experienced painter, after five thousand years of history of art, the return to such a method or similar ones is a regression, for in order to revert to it, the artist abdicates an independence that was conquered slowly and painfully, and consents to surrender again to the primacy of things, to the rule of chance. Those painters do not understand that when Leonardo da Vinci advocated the use of arbitrary stains, he recommended this as an *expedient,* as a sort of gymnastics for the imagination, and provided they were later used to be incorporated in a deliberate construction; he never meant them to become an aim, a method of expression since, as a method, it is a regression, a retro-human reversion to the surrender of things, and not to their domination.

Abstract art can have two different futures. We see one of them emerging, and it is a bad, dangerous one: it is this "tachisme" I have referred to which, if it were to triumph, would lead art to defeat. Do not some painters even profess that they wish to be completely "absent" from their painting, so that chance alone might be the true and only painter? Happily we also see another future emerge. Numerous painters are beginning to bring into

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play the pictorial technique itself as an artistic element, as a way of re-inserting something concrete into abstract art. Not by figurative representation, but in the very texture of painting. Which might well mean a new realism, a realism that concerns us, that belongs to our era. And I want to make quite clear (for we are in a sphere where we must constantly define every word) that I do mean by realism the representation of reality. So that it may sound contradictory when I say, on the one hand, that it is not a question of figurative representation and, on the other, that it is a question of representing reality. But it is only an apparent contradiction, since it can be resolved by suggesting that, perhaps, some reality of our days is not figurative—is beyond all "figuration." One can argue about this, and personally I'd be the first to argue about it, I only mean that a painter is entitled to take this postulate as the basis of his search. He has an absolute right to it, by virtue of the very foundations of art and its two opposed directions which are yet both dialectically necessary: that is to say, by reason of its twofold function of conquering nature and creating our own universe. One can very well imagine a new conquest of nature by new processes which have no longer anything in common with the dew-drop-microcosmos of the German school—in any case, was it possible to go further in that respect? Our era is one of a fantastic, almost an apocalyptic, explosion of our ideas and knowledge. Man is entitled to ask himself if the first chapter of the Quaternary, this long, nocturnal, interminable first chapter, has not just come to an end with the first astronauts. The progression of human knowledge has become dazzling, in biology, chemistry, physics, psycho-physics, physio-chemistry—a centrifugal and centripetal progression, since it has carried science to the hitherto forbidden boundaries of the mystery of Things, while, conversely, it assembles these mysteries in an indissoluble conglomeration, at the center of which there reigns the mystery of the human mind and its victorious rebellion. An unheard-of reality, of whose face we can only catch the first glimpse. But how could art, how could painting and the painters, remain behind? How could they possibly ignore this inspiring victory, how could they mark time? How could they be content with painting the familiar aspect of a period that has come to an end ("abstract" art included) when we have undoubtedly just left it behind? When we are at last about to gain access to light? It is a climacteric hour; what will present itself to the painters' brush, as to the writers' pen, is an unknown reality, lacking all common measure with the past. How much fumbling and stumbling and panicking is probably in store before we grasp it! But this incipient era, this light-giving era may already be on the look-out for its primitive artists. It may already be waiting for its new Lascaux cave-painters. I should not be surprised if one of these days some young artists discovered that they were about to draw the first tremulous outline of this new art on the still gloomy walls of our caves.

A Fine Film

Guillaume Apollinaire

"Who doesn't have a crime on his conscience?" asked Baron d'Ormesan. As for me, I no longer keep track of them. I have committed some which brought me quite a bit of money. And if I'm not a millionaire today, my appetites rather than my scruples are to blame.

"In 1901 I had founded, with several friends, the Cinematographic Company International, which we shall abbreviate as CCI. It was a question of obtaining films of very great interest and of giving movie showings in the principal cities of Europe and America. Our program was very well set up. Thanks to the indiscretion of a valet, we had been able to get the interesting scene representing the morning rising ceremonies of the President of the Republic. Likewise we made motion pictures of the birth of the Prince of Albania. Then again, for a large sum, by bribing some of the Sultan's functionaries, we had forever fixed in its every movement the impressive tragedy in which the Grand Vizir Melek-Pasha, after heartrending farewells to his wives and children, drank the ill-fated coffee at his master's order on the terrace of his home in Pera.

"We lacked the depiction of a crime. But one can't know the time of an atrocity in advance, and it's rare that criminals operate openly.

"Despairing of legally obtaining the spectacle of an attempt on someone's life, we decided to organize one in a villa that we rented in Auteuil.

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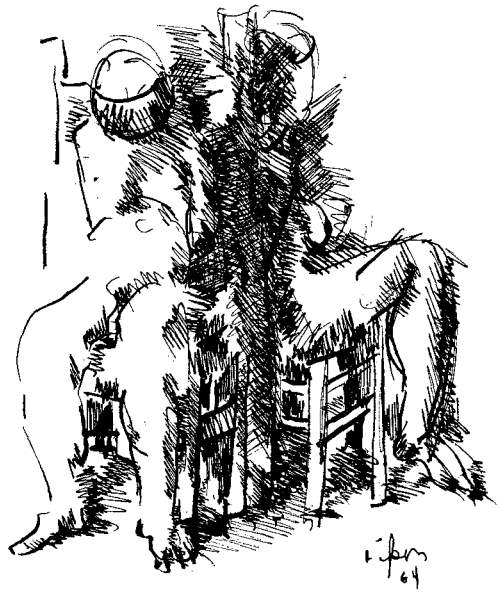
We had thought at first of living actors to act out the crime that we needed, but, besides the fact that we would have deceived our future audiences by offering them faked scenes, accustomed as we were to photographing only reality, we could not be satisfied by a simple theatrical show, perfect as it might be. We also got the idea of drawing lots for the one among us who was to sacrifice himself and commit the crime that our camera would record. But that prospect wasn't attractive to anyone. In short, we were a company of honorable men, and no one was anxious to lose his honor, even for a commercial purpose.

"One night, we were lying in ambush at the corner of a deserted street, near the villa which we had rented. There were six of us, all armed with revolvers. A couple passed. They were a young man and woman whose elegant attire seemed to us suitable to furnish the interesting elements of a thrilling crime. Silently we jumped on the couple, bound them and carried them over to the villa. We left them there guarded by one of us. We set up our ambush again, and, a gentleman in white side whiskers and evening clothes having appeared, we confronted him and dragged him off to the villa, in spite of his resistance. The sight of our revolvers got the better of his courage and shouts. Our photographer set up his camera, adjusted the lighting, and



was prepared to record the crime. Four of us stationed themselves beside the photographer and covered our three captives with their revolvers. The young man and woman fainted. I undressed them with touching attention. I removed the young woman's skirt and blouse and left the young man in his shirt-sleeves. Then I spoke to the gentleman in evening clothes:

" 'Sir,' said I, 'my friends and I don't wish you any harm. But we do require you, with death as the penalty, to murder that man and woman with the dagger that I'm placing at your feet. You'll make an effort beforehand to bring them out of their faint. You'll take care that they don't strangle you. And, as they're unarmed, there's no doubt that you'll make out all right.'

" 'Sir,' the future murderer said to me politely, 'one must certainly yield to the use of force. Your preparations are made and I don't wish to try to make you reconsider a decision whose reason doesn't appear clear to me, but I ask you one favor only: let me wear a mask.'

"We put our heads together and realized that it was better, for him as well as for us, that he be masked. I tied over his face a handkerchief in which I had made holes for the eyes, and the rascal began his work.

"He slapped the young man's hands. Our camera was operating and recording this distressing scene.

"The murderer, with the point of his dagger, pricked his victim in the arm. The young man sprang to his feet and jumped on his attacker's back with a strength increased tenfold by fear. There was a short struggle. The young woman also came to and rushed to help her friend. But she was the first to fall, stabbed in the heart. Then it was the young man's turn. He collapsed with his throat cut. The murderer was very efficient. His handkerchief hadn't been disturbed during that struggle. He kept it on as long as our camera was operating.

" 'Are you satisfied, gentlemen,' he asked us, 'and may I wash up now?'

"We congratulated him, and he washed his hands, put his hat back on, and brushed his clothing . . .

"Then the camera stopped.

* * *

The murderer waited until we had effaced the traces of our stay, because of the police who would not fail to come the next day. We all left together. The murderer said goodbye to us like a man of the world. He was returning to his club as fast as he could, for there was no doubt that after such an adventure he would win fabulous sums that same evening. We said goodnight to the gambler, thanking him, and went off to bed.

"We had our sensational crime.

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"It caused an enormous stir. The victims were the wife of the minister of a little Balkan country, and her lover, the son of the pretender to the throne of a north-German principality.

"We had rented the villa under a false name, and the manager, in order not to have any trouble, stated that he had recognized the young prince as his tenant. The police were stumped for two months. The newspapers published special editions and, as we had begun our tour, you can imagine our success. The police didn't suppose for an instant that we were offering the real version of the murder of the day. Nevertheless, we were careful to announce it in no uncertain terms. But the public made no mistake about it. It gave us an enthusiastic welcome and, in Europe as in America, we made enough in six months to distribute to the members of our company the total of 342,000 francs.

"As the crime had made too much stir to remain unpunished, the police ended up arresting a Levantine who could furnish no valid alibi for the night of the crime. In spite of his protestations of innocence, he was condemned to death and executed. We still had a lot of luck. Our photographer managed, by a stroke of good fortune, to be present at the execution, and we enlivened our film with a new scene, well-calculated to attract the crowd.

"When, at the end of two years, because of reasons I won't go into, our company was disbanded, I had received as my share, more than a million, which I lost at the races the following year."

*FROM THE RECIPE OF A NOBLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY

I

I learned this of a nobleman in the country:
That figure, a collector of some spirit,
Regarding those simple things which have most merit,
Cared for them, that they might survive his century;
And made these notes, while riding in his county,
Of how, among the people, women and men
And boys of great possession, were most taken
By these things, in the country and in the city:
From windows on the streets, the sounds of mothers
At evening, bringing their children to rest;
A rich man and his servant; and another,
Refusing his well-meaning friends now lest
He should forget a death entirely common;
And once, the bare feet of a young woman.

II

There is the story, also, of a landlord.
A slight, young man who had no taste for lordship,
But went in constant awe of his tenants' hardships,
Thinking of them as children of the Lord.
Yet dutifully, he sent out every quarter,
In the person of an old, inherited porter,
Something of his father's will, to enter
The tenants' houses and collect the rent or
"This time the landlord himself shall ride out."
Meanwhile, the slight, young man had learned to hide out
In his house or garden or in the deepest wood,
Knowing himself despised by his peers and by Heaven.
Would he improve his estate? I think he would never,
Nor would it ever again be made good.

**The title taken whole from the label on a bottle of Lea & Perrin's Worchestershire sauce.*

Stephen Parker

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"Are you as interesting as the men your wife works with? Subscribe to The World of Cultural Facade. One volume a month in perpetuity."

Whirled by Worlds

Ken Macrorie

ABOUT EIGHT YEARS AGO I CAME upon a magazine advertisement for a four-volume set called THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS, which promised to take me into the new language of my time, and I sat there basking in the dream of a simple yet exotic Samoa of numbers, formulae on trees for the plucking. This adventure would correct my intellectual deficiencies (I had almost flunked trigonometry in college) and I reached for my checkbook. But something — I don't remember what now — intervened, and I never bought that world. If I had bought it, I believe I would have fulfilled the expectations of the publishers just by buying it — expectations that I would dream and sense stirrings of power like a man gets studying a Vic Tanney physical culture ad. In these collections of knowledge so widely advertised by book clubs today, I do not believe we are even supposed to read one chapter — maybe the introduction. I know we are not supposed to pick up the hammer and try to ring a bell.

Since that fated day when THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS was published, WORLDS have come spewing from the presses at incredible rate: THE WORLD OF MUSIC, THE WORLD OF LAW, THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY, THE WORLD OF LOVE, or if you prefer ages, THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY, THE GREAT AGES OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE. The point is that you are getting more than one volume; you don't have to buy old sets of leather-bound gilt-edged books any more, you can buy THE GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN, six volumes. These tomes will bulk large, not in your mind — you probably aren't going to read them — but on your library shelves. You can take down Sandburg's Lincoln — it was only six volumes — and replace it with THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, nine volumes, 4,924 pages, "every important word he ever wrote or uttered." And these books are all important. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY is "the *important* new two volume set" which includes Freud and Adler and psychologists you never heard of, like Twersky, Wayne, and Clinco (for a moment I thought of a night-club act I knew in Toledo) and St. John of the Cross. These books give you "*authoritative* commentaries and selections." THE GREAT AGES OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE, "twelve *authoritative* volumes," tell you "what makes each age significant and which are its most *important* structures."

In art alone, you can go out of your mind: THE COMPLETE LIBRARY OF WORLD ART comes in 150 volumes "edited by four distinguished scholars and art authorities known throughout the world." Or the LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART "spanning all the ages, cultures, and races

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SHADOWS

Arms
growing from my knees like elms,
hair hanging down in the long grass like
a willow,
ear to the damp ground, I listen
for the shadows of my parents,
that rest in these fields like birds in
someone's hand.
In a hollow of air, the grackles keep
company.
The moon becomes the size of what I have
to tell.

Winter wheat
grew like grey hair near the spring.
The reflections of planes moved on the
fields, all day,
like souls coming back from the harrowed
heaven,
the souls of nothing
in the whistling bodies of their shadows.
There came great round clouds of white
bees. . . .

Now the craters in the fields are cups
for the sky's fallen blueness.
The grass has come again, and the ants
inhabit taverns of dirt.
A rubber string dangles from the mouth
of a thrush;
all around the field,
baby robins float on shrill cries of "we have
been fed."
The wind, like the shadow of a lost halcyon
bird,
washes away the last spots from the stream.
The mud has not moved
in its bed, though
out of a fading throat evil still rains.

Thomas Clark

of mankind from the dawn of human history to the Fall of Rome (if you don't know enough about that fall, Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE is available in a new edition, three volumes), incorporating the most up-to-date knowledge in the fields of Art Criticism, Archaeology, History, Anthropology, Mythology, Iconography, Ethnology, and Comparative Religion." Educated echoes of a patent medicine ad? THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART invites you to "the most exciting cultural adventure of our time," fifteen volumes. "Truly international in scope . . . it has called upon the combined resources of the Institute for Cultural Collaboration in Rome (what's that again?) and McGraw-Hill of New York."

If art is not for you, explore THE WORLD OF BUSINESS in "four handsome boxed volumes" with the words HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL displayed prominently on the spine, or in your spare time study LaSalle Extension University's fourteen volumes on law, or THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE, two volumes.

Fifteen years ago professional people were so busy that publishers advertised digests and abridgments to save their time. Now when the world of knowledge has expanded like a balloon, we are invited to purchase gigantic accumulations of wisdom or information. Back in those early days I didn't buy THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS, and I am proud to say that recently, though tempted, I did not buy THE WORLD OF LAW, a two-volume set of fiction and non-fiction about law and court experience. I was then teaching a graduate seminar in English in which I asked students to study first-hand and through books the language of the courtroom — how it differed in its use of fact and judgment from the language of the poet, novelist, historian, or newsman. But I didn't buy because I knew that so many books in my library were already going unread and I feared I would only put my foot into the books and draw it out again cold. I am surprised that I have withstood the offers of the book clubs: the advertising for the many-volumed tomes is tuned down relatively low.

The publishers do not suggest that the customer will read these tomes or be changed by the experience. There are no before and after pictures: the dull wit before he read A HISTORY OF THE PLANTAGENETS, four volumes, later bandying about the names of Henry II and Richard I at the cocktail party. The advertisers want readers to worry about Uneducated Odor, but they are never so crass as to show a man or woman opening one of the tomes. This is not a get-rich-quick course which exercises the buyer, but a lesson in how to look respectable in an age of higher education. The books are simply reproduced in the ads, their jackets dignified, impeccable, or their spines displayed in the box, facing the reader as they will face his guests on his library shelves. In the advertisements the contents of the tomes are named chapter by chapter, or author by author, but no excerpts from the actual works are given. I fear the publishers and the book clubs — perhaps uncon-

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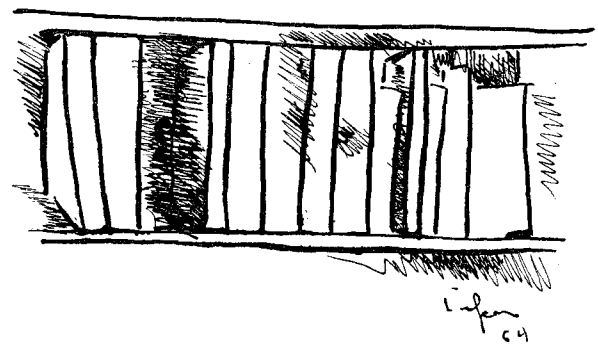
sciously — are not trying to get the customer to read the books but to buy them. They provide an unusually solid false paneling for the home library.

If American advertising is American advertising, this calm, relatively factual manner cannot continue, and I see signs of change. A recent ad for The Reader's Subscription Club, although standard in layout and typography, in preponderance of words over illustration, and in the usual listing and description of books (nineteen crowded on the page), features a photograph of four young women (all properly intellectual-looking in face, but seductive in displayed leg or decolletage) from the Circle in the Square production of Genet's *The Balcony,* and at last we have visual sex in the intellectual book ads. I do not believe the tome advertisers will, like Plato, banish the body from the library forever.

But the central pitch of the tome publishers is that wisdom is a many-volumed thing, and they have sold so many sets in the last eight years that the movement's intellectualism is bound to become tainted or lost altogether. For example, THE AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES "will bring pleasure and enjoyment to *every member of your family,*" and you buy it at the A &P in sixteen volumes after reading in the newspaper about its completely new text by Robert Athearn, Professor of History, University of Colorado, just above a streaming line of big type which states: SLICED BACON 2 lb. pkg. 99c. And instead of a one-volume Norman Vincent Peale formula for success you can now get a three-volume set called BLUEPRINT FOR EXECUTIVE SUCCESS from the Business Leader's Book Club. Two pages on in the magazine from the full page ad for the fifteen-volume ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART is a full-page ad for the ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF OCCULTISM offered by the Mystic Arts Book Society and containing discussions of "Dionysiac Mysteries . . . She-Goat . . . Tree of Life, Urim and Thummim, White Magic, Zylomancy, Zohar, and much, much more. 2500 entries in all!"

For several years now I have been musing on these worlds without end and I feel terribly unsettled: I admire Lincoln and Michelangelo and Freud, but at times, like that excessive man Henry Thoreau, I think that the tomes can only produce a new breed of cultural pretension, a college-educated Dale Carnegie man or woman. I remember a vivid moment on television a year ago when one of the five finalists in the Miss America contest, asked to choose a word from a list of abstractions and to speak on it, chose *dignity*. She said: "A dignified person is one who is educated, and an educated person is one who studies a little about everything." She should send for some tomes.

Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to own all the tomes the magazines offer, to line four walls with them and sit in the middle of the room whirling between worlds. *The New York*



Times for Thursday, February 20, carried a sweeping picture of the metropolitan area made by a new panorama camera. (I dislike both ends of the word *panorama*. "Orama" — you know what that suffix has spawned in the past few years. And "pan" — isn't there something Hollywood called "Pan-A-Vision"? I think I would rather develop astigmatism.) I looked at the picture more closely in anticipation of seeing Manhattan island — which I care about — from a new view. But the island was no more exciting or revealed than by an ordinary aerial photograph. The horizon seemed to bend in the background as if the camera had picked up the curve of the earth. On second look I realized the curve was too sharp to be anything more significant than camera distortion, and the expected miracle dwindled to nothing more than the pleasure of studying the highlighted ribbons of Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges, so small in the foreground. I remember how rich had been my walking journey under the web of cables strung from the Victorian arches of Brooklyn Bridge, dense and almost finicky next to the stainless steel and stone flat skyscrapers that rise above it in lower Manhattan. I looked back at the panoramic picture — my mind unconsciously supplying a phrase from the description of Harper's New American Nation tomes, "a sweeping panorama of historic America on the move," and I thought of John Glenn up there seeing the universe in panorama and coming back to reveal himself on David Brinkley's TV program as a fantastically thoughtless and un-

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reflective man, as if he really had sprung from another planet than yours and mine. Mr. Glenn has seen the world and remains a Boy Scout inviting Boy Scouts to become explorers by the manual. We called it "by the book" in the army. Mr. Glenn still refers to himself as "we." Perhaps the panoramic view gives one this double vision.

Surely we should learn the world and the worlds, but what is the best way to get to them?

Do we need a do-it-yourself tome movement? I believe it would make more sense for everyone than the present movement. It should spring from individuals, though, not arise as a program sealed by *Good Housekeeping* and financed by book clubs. But it would probably again only rob the individual of his Emersonian self-reliance. Already a three-volume tome has been published entitled MATERIALS TOWARD A HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT. The first kit is now on the market?

Last summer in the woods near my house I came upon a wildflower which I felt I had known before in my life but could not name. Nor could my friends, to whom I described it. It stood two and a half feet tall, stem tubular, grayish green, the head a cross between a dandelion and a daisy, lemon-colored petals squared off at the ends and finely notched, a smaller clump of petals within the outer circle, and about thirteen startling points of green extending beyond the radius of the flower. I noted that the green points folded over the flower when it closed during cloudy weather and at sunset. No one could tell me its name. I could not find it in what I might consider a WORLD book, Macmillan's WILDFLOWER BOOK for the whole of the United States. But last week when I bought MICHIGAN WILDFLOWERS by Helen V. SMITH, there it was — Yellow Goat's-beard, and I learned that the "roots are edible and are frequently used in soups or as a vegetable. The tops are sometimes eaten as greens. The Indians used the coagulated juice for chewing-gum." I see that I may learn more from a small book than a set of tomes, from a little volume that looks long at individuals in the big world. But even that route is not the best way to the world. I wish before reading the book I had pulled up the roots of the Yellow Goat's-beard myself, cooked them in trial, and chewed on the tops as often I do when I pick a leaf or seed chamber from a dry or green weed. This is another way to comprehend worlds.

Afternoons There Are In Limbo

William Harrison

Nero Heiss would rise late in the afternoon, shave, comb his hair, then sit on the floor of Tom Packer's apartment to drink his daily pint of mash whiskey. After this he would dress and take Tom out for a meal, usually a steak dinner at some suburban restaurant. The meal would last about two hours and sometime toward the last Nero would crack his knuckles, draw on a certain expression of pain, and announce, "It's time to go get me a woman." The rest of the evening, then, with or without Tom, he would spend in this pursuit.

During the ritual with the mash whiskey Tom would sit and watch Nero. Nero's single-mindedness in this effort had its own serious enchantment, for when Nero drank he neither listened to music nor read magazines nor, Tom knew, even thought anything. The late winter shafts of afternoon sun would slant through the apartment windows, softly illuminating Nero in his green flannel pajamas, and the bottle, jigger after straight jigger at three or four minute in-

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tervals, would disappear. When the warmth of the sunlight and the whiskey were both gone, Nero would get up and make his way into the bedroom, soon emerging transformed in street clothes, smiling soberly, and complaining of hunger.

Tom fell heir to Nero Heiss because Tom, of all the theological students in the seminary, was a divorced man. That seemed, at least, qualification enough for the old man, Bergen, who was Tom's professor and Nero's father. In the early autumn of that year Bergen Heiss had knocked one evening on Tom Packer's apartment door, surprising his student with a social call. After accepting a cup of coffee, he had tactfully suggested that they might be able to do each other a favor. His son, Charles, who called himself Nero, was coming back to Nashville, the old man explained, and needed a caretaker. That was the old man's exact word: caretaker.

"If he could stay here, I'd help with expenses for you both," the old man said. "I'd pay the rent. I'd try to make it worthwhile for you especially. I suppose everyone knows, I mean, that you're having a hard time getting along this semester."

"There's still a lot of gossip, I guess," Tom said.

"Oh, there was never much. Divorce isn't so uncommon, really. Perhaps just in our circles. But I want to help out. And Charles really does need someone to stay with."

Tom would have granted the favor, of course, without the promise of rent money. In fact, he took pleasure in the old man asking. A very old word came to mind: worldliness. He supposes I'm sufficiently bedded down in the things of this world, he told himself. And, actually, that was close to being it: the old man, who was generally out of touch with his students, had found himself in need of someone like Tom, someone young and not altogether rigid. Nero had sworn not to come home if it meant staying in the same house with his parents. This way, though, the old man hoped, things might finally be patched up.

Only they weren't ever going to be patched. Nero came to live in the apartment and refused his mother's invitation to dinner in the evenings and never allowed Bergen Heiss more than a few seconds in their telephone conversations.

"Why do you stay?" Tom finally asked him. "If you hate them so much why don't you go back to wherever you were?"

"It was California," Nero reminded him.

"All right. Why don't you cut out?"

"Money," Nero informed him. "Who do you think buys the rides this season? Oh, no. I'll stay awhile, thanks. Last year was a work year and I don't want that sort of thing to get habit forming."

Soon the telephone calls and dinner invitations dwindled and Nero Heiss and Tom Packer were just living together: the seminary student, the slightly scandalous one, and the local immoralist. They stayed on from economic necessity, because Nero was at the source of his wanderings, in the city of his sponsor, and because Tom's apartment, one of the better Harding Road places, really needed additional support.

Tom was working on a theological paper the semester Nero came, a pretentiously scholastic little treatise on Anselm. Apart from that his load was light: morning seminars with Professors Heiss and Wilhoite and a doctrine class on Tuesdays and Thursdays. As a result, he could finish up his assignments and readings before Nero got out of bed in the afternoons.

"Anselm," Nero would say. "My brother Richard tried to explain the whole significance of scholasticism to me once. Maybe I told you about that. Let's see, though. Anselm wasn't his favorite. Some other theologian, a German up in New York."

"Tillich? Paul Tillich?"

"Hell, I can't remember. Where'll we eat tonight?"

"Printer's Alley okay? We haven't been there for a week."

"It's all right. I was thinking, though. Do they still have any of those little farm house restaurants around here?"

"One or two, I think."

"Richard and me and the folks used to go to those places for Sunday dinner after church. Let's see. What were their names?"

"Ma Brown's is one, I believe."

"Hell, we'll go driving. We'll find us one."

Their conversation, mostly small talk like this, usually got around to Nero's two most invective subjects: old man Heiss and the brother, Richard, who was dead. Richard the Rhodes scholar. Once Richard had come back from his newly-gained Harvard instructorship to visit his parents and they had gone out for a weekend at Montgomery Bell Park, where one afternoon, after a full lunch, Richard had drowned while swimming in the lake. He swam out, as Nero

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reported his mother telling it, as though, even in death, he had some place to go. Even in death, then, he contrasted with Nero, his brother not being one to travel a straight line anywhere, not even one to think in single directions —to the great woe of the philosophic father. It took little analysis for Tom to determine that Richard had been the family favorite, the old man's pride, while Nero's wayfaring had obviously posed the professor more problems than the vast metaphysical meanderings that were his life in theological school. As for Nero, his motives were generally unhidden: he was methodically snipping at his dead brother's wings.

Still, Tom tried not to make judgments of any sort. He kept the trust as he figured the old man wanted it kept and tried, in fact, to be worldly-wise, at times, beyond his normal capacities.

This particular Nashville winter was one of little snow, but the rain, as ever, rattled the city's elms and maples constantly and bathed the old seminary building in a general gloom. The young men who studied there went down the campus promenade, huddled over their books and cases as they walked, and seemed old. In a lounge they would drink their coffee without much laughter or talk and the hallways would solemnly echo their steps. Tom, in time, then, looked forward to the afternoons, to the time when Nero would start his bottle ritual, because life apart from Nero was so little: the drab carrels in the library basement where cautious fingers traced over long-dead passages from ancient texts; the classrooms and seminars where the men slumped helplessly, their faces drawn, their eyes adream, and where the professor's voice droned over so many swollen hopes of the past, over martyrs and resurrections so long gone. Tom walked down these halls with the others, down a procession without vow and without clear purpose, it seemed, where the deepest things in them all were unutterable and where, sadly, in the end, they fell back on discussions of wealthy parishes and a usual table talk.

He didn't belong and knew it. That had been a part of the trouble in his marriage, where his wife, Simmy, had been strangely ambitious for him, hopeful for his career. His career in the church. Yet he persisted at school and didn't leave after the divorce. The seminary was a serious place, important and good if anything was, and he clung to it looking, if not for God, for just a little glimpse of himself.

Then after a winter of too much half-regretful memory, Nero brought him back to life. At first Tom disapproved of Nero's somewhat bizarre after-dinner tastes, but then he came to be led along like a too-weary shepherd while Nero discovered the town for him. Life, Tom decided, can be serious, possibly, without being dull. Finally, when his attempt to enliven the

Anselm study with certain puns on *cur deus homo* brought him a grade of D, it just didn't matter much.

For Nero, the town was an inviting mixture. Everything poured in: wrestlers and hillbilly singers, bohemian coeds at the Negro colleges and pale little waitresses from the Middle Tennessee farms, salesmen and religious fanatics, soldiers and prostitutes and publishers' agents and theater people.

While they drove around in Nero's old Ford inspecting all this, Nero, now and then, as if somehow obligated in those first months together, would acknowledge Tom with a question. "Look," he would say,

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"how come you ever got into a place like my old man's?" or, at other times, "Er, well, now, how're you doin' these days?" Before Tom could answer, of course, Nero would be off on something else. But, as time passed, and as Tom more and more delivered Nero safely back to the apartment after an evening's entertainment, the first suspicions were reduced. Toward the last Nero was even making certain exclamations of friendship.

There was, at that time, a group of apartment houses strung over the West End section of the city aptly called the Princess Apartments, and one January evening while a light snow covered the sidewalks Nero drove Tom down to the one on Broadway, the one with the small restaurant on the first floor and rooms upstairs. As they entered a girl was paying for a cup of coffee at the cashier's counter, and Nero, his voice fairly resolute, shoved the girl's dime back at her and said, in a modified stage whisper, "Let's go have another cup."

The girl looked up, blinked, and didn't smile. Her eyes went from Nero to Tom, where they remained for a moment, then returned to Nero. "Might's well," she sighed.

In the booth Nero introduced himself as a merchant marine and Tom as a priest. "Where's your collar?" the girl wanted to know. Her name, she said, was Filly Anne.

"I'm not really a priest," Tom said. "I'm Protestant. That is, if it matters one way or another."

"I'm a Protestant myself," the girl said. "Baptist."

Nero asked right off if they could take her home and she told him to sip his coffee and sit tight. She watched Tom intently, giving him signs with her eyes, all of which he could read though he wished, somehow, that he couldn't. They talked about the snow.

"It don't snow much at all in New Orleans," Filly Anne offered.

"You from there?" Nero asked.

"No, but I was down there once. On the street that has my name, St. Anne Street, and down in Congo Square. You know them places?"

"Honey, sure. That's one of my towns."

Nero and Filly Anne discussed cities for awhile. After this, he asked to take her home again and when she argued that her coffee was still too hot, he suggested she pour it in the saucer. She looked at Tom as if to say that Nero had no manners.

Then they talked about themselves. She worked, she explained, as a hostess for the chain of apartments and took her meals cut-rate at this particular restaurant. Nero related a sizeable part of his biography, trying to trace back over all the places he had been, but with the mention of Europe Filly Anne gave Tom another brief smirk to let him know she wasn't believing any of it. At the close of all this, she consented to leave.

"I'll walk back to the apartment," Tom suggested when they were outside.

"No, look," Nero said, "that's more than half a mile and it's snowing. Come on along. It won't be long."

"I really don't want to," Tom said. "If you want to help, why don't you run me home first in the car?"

"This'll just be a minute," Nero said, persisting. "Besides, she might change her mind if we take too long, you know. Why don't you just come along? Come on. Thirty minutes, it'll be. Maybe a bit more."

"I'll be in the way," Tom argued.

"You won't," Nero said. "Anyway, I might have to borrow a little. Have you got five dollars?"

Finally, Tom went along. They rode down six blocks to Fifteenth Avenue where the houses were all the same: the bulky paint-peeled and faded brick apartment houses in a high-terraced neighborhood. Her room was 4A in Princess Apartment Number Four. Easy to remember, she told them. Tom sat down on the worn leatherette couch in the main room and as Nero and Filly Anne went off into the back bedroom she glanced back, passing along another signal. On a nearby table were several *Popular Mechanix* magazines whose subscription labels bore the name of Homer Howells. Tom studied an article on the construction of prefabricated hunting camps and smoked a butt from an ashtray; he didn't smoke much but wanted one now, and as the circle of smoke rose over his head he imagined, for a moment, how it might be as Homer Howells. From the bedroom, no sound. He leaned forward and listened then began another article.

With only a couple of minutes gone, he looked up and saw Filly Anne standing in the doorway. "Your friend," she drawled. "He ain't no more." In the opening of her robe he saw her legs and thought of Simmy, thought this in spite of himself. "Come on in here," she ordered him.

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He said no and half-expected, half-wanted, her to argue, but she didn't. Instead, she smiled, smiled with some warmth, turned, and closed the door again. Soon she and Nero were fussing at each other and he knew he couldn't stay.

He decided that he wouldn't leave the five dollars, that Nero would manage, and went out quietly, going down the stairs and terrace, and turning home through the snow. It was a long walk and his mind kept returning to Simmy. He made a brief inventory of time and circumstances: eleven weeks since the actual divorce; without a woman since several weeks before that, since that last time with Simmy before she left town; nine weeks since he had even been to a movie; four weeks, a little less, since Nero moved in. The air was full of hickory. Cars moved on the streets silently, like phantoms.

When he went back to Missouri to visit Simmy's parents, he would always go out to the Sac River with one of her father's guns and spend the day hunting small game. Their cabin suited him better than the pressures of the visit, her father disliking his uncertainty, him not able to take the father's too-dogmatic politics and business talk.

Early in the mornings he would go down to the basement and choose a shotgun off the rack and fill a vest with shells; though the cabin would usually be well-stocked, he would also steal a little extra food, some delicacy from the rear of her mother's supply shelves. Simmy's parents, he always felt, had too much good food and too much available ready cash to present as bribes, but he indulged on his trips to the cabin without guilt. Occasionally, when he felt like risking a wholesale family fight, he would stay out at the cabin and miss one of Simmy's parties. More often, his days at the cabin had come to be accepted.

One day sitting on the porch, watching the river flow along below him, he spotted a rabbit moving through the high grass in the yard. It had been a long day hunting, a day of too many culverts in the fields above the cabin, without luck. So though he was sitting there with an unloaded gun and his boots off, dreamily eating cashews and a carrot for his supper, he sprang up ready to justify his coming. As he bounded out into the yard, the rabbit scurried off into the river bed below.

Above the cabin on the river, in a wide bend, a pile of debris large as a room had collected on some rocks. As he slid down the clay bank, he saw the rabbit disappear into this driftwood.

But he wouldn't give up the chase. He walked half-way around the pile, then back again, and at last fired one barrel into a crevice, hoping to flush the rabbit, then get him with the other shell.

As the sound of the shot finished echoing down the river, a deep silence overtook the evening. Birds hushed everywhere and the gray water went by solemnly. He stood there waiting and listening while the long pine shadows faded into the gathering darkness.

As the river took on its last purple, he smoked his last cigarette. Even the woods were quiet now and his mind drifted off to thoughts of his studies; the holidays spent at Simmy's parents, he felt, were of endless duration. At length his mind came back to his rabbit. Flipping the cigarette away, he began to edge into the brush pile where he had fired, wondering if the random shot might have killed it. He went far in, until brush surrounded him and he was bent almost double in the narrow opening, his eyes searching among branches and logs. And, strangely, he found himself on it, bent so that his face was almost pressed against the lifeless fur, so that he could see, even in the near darkness, the tiny single bloody holes that made the larger hole where the head had been mostly shot away. His hands shook on the cooling barrel of the old Stevens and his mouth went open and dry. When he was outside the brush again, a deep nausea came up in him and the pinetops reeled above him against the early evening sky.

Though he had killed a lot of game, this time his senses whirred around; the rabbit's death hung in his nostrils and brain and his hand groped out and touched a root along the bank and he held on.

Walking now, months afterward, in another place, a city, he thought of this matter in the river bottom and knew that, somehow, such a simple death had turned

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his mind around, had made him capable of what he did afterward, capable of leaving Simmy, who had liked the notion of parish life, parish life as she thought of it, but who was really uninstructed in the simplest charity, the charity of love as a woman. He thought with the usual sadness of Simmy and with the usual disgust of her father before realizing, after a time, that he was indulging again and made himself stop. He walked steadily up West End Avenue. The snow had turned into the more familiar rain now, and the image of the dead rabbit, its ears crossed in its mutilation, reappeared in the snow and shadows next to the buildings. He knew that he had unconsciously given that river scene the meaning he had wanted it to have; and he speculated, also, that the kill had most probably punctuated an obvious fact: that there is only one life to live and that it shouldn't be spent in false starts.

Hurrying across a street, he slipped from a curb and twisted his ankle on the ice, falling hard on one shoulder in the slush. The fall took his breath and by the time it came back the ankle was throbbing. He cursed Nero for having the automobile. A passer-by helped him to his feet, a large man in a mackinaw coat with coffee-breath. "That was a nasty fall," the stranger said.

"This is a bad year for me," he told the man. "This is the year when everything goes wrong. It's probably busted."

Though it wasn't broken he had no money for a doctor and the student health service proved to be only an agency of good advice so the ankle didn't mend right away. Nero accused him of being out of favor with God. At the close of the semester he was still hobbling around, spending too much money putting gas in Nero's Ford so that he wouldn't have to walk to class, and having a hard time sleeping.

Nero's schedule went on without variation. On occasion he still visited the Princess Apartment Number Four, but he was also going out regularly to see a woman who lived on TV Hill and had uncovered a vice ring, he told Tom, a mere two doors from the seminary. This last enterprise, he explained, was operated by proprietress Emily Benedict, and her snack shop was simply a front.

"Mrs. Benedict?" Tom asked. "I don't believe you."

"It's a fact. I swear it. Go and order a piece of apple pie and see what you get. Just try it."

"I don't believe you. To hear you tell it the whole town is a flesh pot."

"Actually, friend, it is. So's every place I've ever been. I've got a nose for this thing, I guess. I meet guys and they offer me information, you know. It's really crazy as hell."

"I still don't believe it about Mrs. Benedict."

"Listen," Nero said, "I could tell you about a lot more places here. The gulch, for instance. That's a string of houses in East Nashville. Only I can't go over there any more."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I could go, I mean, but some of the girls in that neighborhood aren't so friendly any more. Besides, it'd make me nervous. I went over there in my old man's Cadillac one night, see, and the police had a stake-out for a guy suspected of breakin' the Mann Act. You know: runnin' girls in from Ohio et cetera. Well, when I come ridin' up in my dad's big car they actually popped the cuffs on me. It wasn't such bad treatment, but the old man really sweated keeping the arrest out of the papers. A fine citizen, my lovely father."

When together, Tom and Nero spent most of their time in the Alley. Printer's Alley was a string of cabarets near the Nashville hotel district, the more obvious place where the ban on liquor by the drink in the city was violated with notable abandon. They ate in one of the Alley's more famous places, a restaurant which had once been Andrew Jackson's stable, a small historical fact which somewhat annoyed Tom although the steaks were usually inoffensive and the bartender seemed competent. In time, Tom was drinking more though he managed to decline Nero's offer to join the afternoon sessions.

They took in the Grand Ole Opry once. Nero got backstage where he intended meeting one of the blonde hillbilly singers, but he failed to impress her. "My shirt didn't have any embroidery on it," he offered by way of excuse.

They even went to a few plays produced by one of the local theater groups, one of which proved to be a successful excursion for Nero who that night made off with the lead in a Molière production, a woman who had more than effectively imitated the writer's seventeenth-century French hussy, replete with extraordinary cleavage, throughout an otherwise boring evening when she was offstage.

"I hope you don't mind taking the Ford home," Nero apologized after the show. "But she has her little roadster."

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"I don't mind at all," Tom said. "I'm glad to be riding."

"And quick," Nero said, "tell me something about the theater. We'll probably be discussing drama and this sort of thing."

"Anything particular?" Tom wanted to know.

"Oh, this writer tonight. Anybody."

"Molière? He was a satirist."

"Yeah, a comedy writer."

"Comedy of manners. Use that phrase. It might help."

"Comedy of manners. All right, swell. And, yeah, have you got any money?"

"Fifty cents, I think."

"No, never mind then. We probably won't need any. She says we're going to her house if her husband's still not home. Whatever that means."

"Good luck."

"Comedy of manners, eh? All right. Mighty fine." Nero winked and went off into the crowd and Tom limped outside.

It was raining again. In the car he could barely manage the brake pedal. Driving home he was thinking: I'm getting more permissive with Nero. But he amended that. No, I've never been restrictive in any way. Silly to think that. But I'm aiding and abetting now, even wishing him good luck. The wiper was inconsistent and he leaned forward, his nose almost pressed on the windshield, trying to make out the road. His ankle throbbed like an old wound.

And in bed that night, lying awake with his leg uncovered so that he wouldn't have to suffer the weight of the blankets, he wondered how Nero was making out. In half-sleep, the rain tapping on the roof, he journeyed down a kaleidoscope of reverie and self-estimate. I'm a religious person, he told himself sleepily. I insist on it. But I am twenty-four years old and surrendering the institutions. And why? He concentrated on hearing the rain. And Nero: I like him so much. Splendid hedonist. He makes me a moral dishrag and I know I'm using him as a catalyst and wedge. Oh, I know it. He turned over, lifting the leg carefully, feeling the skin draw tightly over the swelling, and giving the dark of his room a sincere grimace of pain. Anselm, he told the room before going to sleep, you're not of the world. You're way out there, not even touching.

During the next two weeks one of their talks touched on the dead brother, Richard, and the professor. Nero was ordinarily most non-philosophic about his family, not one to analyze much, but his father had started refusing to give him money unless he came to the house for it. Because of this, open hostility had started again.

"For instance," Nero was saying that afternoon, "we used to have classical music at the house all the time when I was growing up. And I'll admit it: I liked most of it pretty well. Only Richard made it a big thing. A really important snob thing, you know. After awhile, I had to give it up. Sure, I knew it was better stuff than I'd hear on the local jukeboxes but that wasn't the point. I just couldn't take Richard's and the old man's legislation. And besides: all right, I told myself, you've heard the best there is. Well, you don't have to take vows over it. That was the whole trouble with Richard and the old man, you see: they found a good thing and every time they just fell down and worshipped it. They didn't look any more. They became experts. And, yeah, they knew all about the thing they found, but what the hell good is an expert anyway?"

"Nero, you're worldly. I can tell."

"Well that's a fact. I'm just my old man's son, I guess. Everyone points at him and says, 'Look there, there's the great scholar and theologian and he can't raise up his own son Charles. What sort of a great man is that?' And that's damn well what I like to hear and what I live for."

"Come on," Tom said. "Drive me down to the school. This is exam day and when I walk nowadays I can't think."

"The foot still bad?"

"It's awful."

"Then I got a suggestion: stay home. You'll never make the squad anyway. What do you want? Sainthood? Let 'em go marchin' in without you."

"I've got to go, really. I figure I've gone this far."

"What you need, you know, is a woman. I could take you out to TV Hill. Or we could try the Princess."

"Look, Nero, let me coast. This is a very bad season. With my luck, I'd foul up and get married again or contract a disease. Or both. Just drive me down to school and turn me loose on Augustine and the Council of Trent. I feel a little vindictive today and might write a pretty good exam paper."

"I could even take you over to the gulch," Nero went on, ignoring him. "But TV Hill might be better, I guess."

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Examinations were given that day in a barren hall in the upstairs library, a drafty old room with many tall paneled windows and giant oak tables where the men sat and wrote in their booklets and now and then glanced up at the winter trees outside. Tom wrote absently in his book and more often watched the others, their pipes making many small undulations of smoke rise toward the high ceiling where a thin cloud formed. The pipe, Tom considered, is a pretentious instrument. But perhaps that's what's missing with me; maybe I just need a big curve-stemmed meerschaum. He made himself look back at the quiz. It wasn't difficult and he had studied the answers, but he couldn't write. Simmy entered and was immediately expelled from his thoughts. None of you, he told her. He saw briefly the girl standing in the doorway of 4A. None of you, he repeated. His head fell softly into his folded arms on the table and he closed his eyes, trying to think nothing. A moment later, one of the instructors came over and placed his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Is there something wrong?" he asked.

"Oh, I just have a sore foot," Tom lied.

"Can I get you anything?"

He shook his head and the instructor went away.

Focusing again on the exam he wrote out an entire answer, two whole pages in the booklet, then read it over for errors, adding another scrap of documentation in the margin. The effort exhausted him. He started watching the others again and arrived at a conclusion of sorts. I've got less sympathy for them than I've got for Nero, he decided. Nero and me, he told them, we've got no direction whatsoever, but we're more serious than all of you. We can still shrug off the old verities and window shop, but you've made your little cosmic nests, all of you, where you'll forever sit and puff your briars. Somehow, he got suddenly angry.

The instructor at the door accepted his unfinished exam with condescension, as if to inform him that no one, absolutely no one, wrote a thorough paper in such a short period of time. Tom felt like snarling something at him, but didn't. Instead, he went on out and limped out of the library back toward the seminary building.

The hallways of the theological school were crowded with students who were, by this time, leaving other exam rooms, and Tom had difficulty getting into the office to use the phone. He dialed the apartment number and listened while it rang several times. Nero, he imagined, was back in bed and altogether unavailable. His ankle ached and he needed the Ford, needed Nero, needed rescuing.

At last he started up a hallway looking for some place to sit down, but found the lounges full of friendly students talking over exams. Stopping once and reaching down, he unlaced his shoe around the swelling. As he went on someone called his name, but he didn't answer. Instinctively, his hand went to his breast pocket and he knew that he had left his fountain pen in the library. My good Parker, he told himself. But now it really didn't matter.

Inside the chapel the walls arched up toward the rafters where the beams criss-crossed above the pews, and up front, behind the rostrum, the little gold crucifix shone up out of the gloom like a knife. His eyes adjusted slowly and it was a moment before he could determine that he was alone. He sat down wondering if he ought to privately review his performance on the exam, but the notion passed. He considered the crucifix at the altar: it was illumined, he recalled, by a single 100-watt bulb hidden behind the pulpit. He remembered that from the time he was up there, when it had been his turn to offer the benediction at vespers. Beneath his fingers the velvet cushion of the pew caressed

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his palm and the voices in the hallway faded and grew less bothersome.

The men would sing: "Rise up O men of God!" It was always sung well, that song. And one of them would read in the gospels in a practiced homiletic tone, in a speech maker's clipped and stilted pronunciation.

His eyes went up the walls again and he recalled that once, as he lifted his unsteady baritone with the others, he was wondering how it was up there among the beams. On a whim, he got up wearily and went over where he could barely reach the beam's arc that followed half-way down the wall. He looked up again across the top of the sanctuary. Then, without much further thought, he grasped a bolt and swung his good leg up over a nearby window sill and hoisted himself up the beam; he locked his arms around it and shinnied up, casually at first, then with a certain desperate effort, the ankle stabbing him with pain during certain movements, but him going on, much too preoccupied now, making his way up toward the rafters with a profound effort. He swung atop the beam's arc just in time, almost slipping off, then scooted along smoothly after that. Finally, perched on the rafter, he laughed aloud. The pews below were slender mouths in the semi-darkness.

Careful to note that no one had entered, he started working his way toward the front of the chapel until he was nearly above the altar. At this point he sat down straddling a rafter; the swollen ankle felt like a weight tied to one leg.

From here, he estimated, a man could swan dive right down on that thing and have himself a spectacular finale. Oh, would that ever rankle the dean. He sat very still and listened. Among the rafters old pipe organ notes seemed suspended and present around him. He sang with them, singing to no particular tune.

Climb your mountain, climb it
Spread your grubby wings and go

And laughed again. Standing, he limped along over the tops of the rafters, touching the ceiling for support, and felt proud at having accomplished such a worthy physical achievement with a bad leg.

Finally, he sat down again, astride another beam, and grew sad. It won't be altogether easy, he thought, moving off into a faded old limbo where there's no fellowship of jolly singers. There'll be Nero, but probably not for long. He won't stay in Nashville and neither will I. Thinking this, he felt that it might help if he could have a good cry. Instead, though, he recovered and began thinking of himself, sitting there, as Simmy might see him: a ridiculous figure, absolutely immature, making a naughty gesture of desecration. Below, daylight was draining away from the stained windows and the chapel was growing darker.

After a few more minutes he fastened himself to the beam again and slid down. The hallways outside were deserted now and quiet. He limped on down to the office, went through the courtesies with the secretary again, and borrowed her telephone once more. There were eight long rings this time and he was just hanging up when the receiver was finally picked up, juggled, dropped, and picked up again before Nero drowsily answered.

"Nero, this is Tom," he said sternly. "Come and get me right away. I mean it, now. Don't even have a single drink first. Understand? Just dress and get on down here."

Nero said he would and an hour later he did.

Spring came that year with the normal lush overgrowth of trees and spread of fragrant grasses, and Nero, caught in its fever, kept following his schedule though with less late-evening intensity. When the car broke down both Tom and Nero considered it a grievous crisis and despaired over the mechanic's verdict that it wouldn't last much longer. Afterward though, they resumed the long drives: safaris to some bars around an upstate army camp and occasionally a weekend jaunt down to a lake where they enjoyed the company of the assorted drunken fishermen.

Tom settled for a mediocre achievement in his classes and didn't attend regularly; something, he knew, had snapped in him during the mid-year exams so that he followed out the remainder of his last year more out of habit than intention.

Then, in late March, Nero consented to go to his parent's home for evening dinner one night and Tom sent him off hoping that, perhaps, Bergen Heiss might realize his hope for a reconciliation. But it was worse than ever. Nero came back early, scarcely two hours after leaving the apartment.

"What happened?" Tom asked him.

"He offered me a job," Nero said. "Out in San Francisco. A job with plenty of money."

"Well?"

"And a roll to get out there in style. Dammit. He knew I liked California. He told me he had worked this up special, that he had gone

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to a lot of trouble to get me something I'd like."

"It sounds great. What're you going to do?"

"Well, it does sound pretty good. It's an agency job, you know. I would've guessed he'd fix me up with a camp counselor's position, but this seems like the real thing."

"All right. So?"

"So I'm goin' to New York, I think."

"What?"

"I took his traveling money and didn't tell him. It's a mean thing to do, I know, but I had to do it."

"What'll you do? You'll run out of money in less than two weeks, you know. He might be mad too."

"I think I could guarantee that he'll be mad all right. But I think I'll enlist. It's an awful way to go, but I can't think of anything else."

"Oh now, don't do that."

"Look, let's have a drink and think about this thing."

Nero strolled into the bedroom and came out with his bottle of mash for the next afternoon. Tom sat down hard on the couch and watched him work the seal off and pour two glasses.

"Now then," Nero said, "I've got two hundred dollars. I could sell the Ford and hitch up to New York. That'd help as a beginner."

"Nero," Tom interrupted, "I think you mean it."

"Tom," Nero said, addressing his room mate by name as he did only on rare occasions, "I'm serious as hell. And let me tell you something: it gives me great pleasure knowin' that this is my lovely German daddy's money. This money, I figure, was once dropped into collection plates in pretty little white churches and made its way through all the denominational channels into my hard-thinkin' daddy's pocketbook. He's the big man, you know. He studies those big texts and tells the young preachers the will of God. Well, it gives me great pleasure. I'm not one to sit around eating the fatted calf the rest of my days. It wouldn't be natural. I'd choke on most of it."

"You'll never learn to keep in step," Tom offered. "And the Army hours will kill you."

"I know it. I really didn't mean it when I said I'd enlist. But I'll think of something."

They drank off the whiskey and settled back. "Well, Nero," Tom said, "will you write me a letter?"

"No," Nero said thoughtfully.

"I didn't think you would."

They poured out another drink and drank that off.

"But I'll listen to you," Nero said, "when you get your own little radio evangelism show."

"I don't think I'll ever have my own show," Tom said with some sadness.

"Well, anyway, you're a great chap, Tom Packer," Nero said. It was an uncontrollable burst of love on Nero's part and rendered Tom speechless for a minute.

"Why, thanks," he finally managed.

"Here, let's finish tomorrow's bottle."

"Tomorrow afternoon you'll be needing this."

"Nonsense. I'll get up and take exercises. I might even go outside before dark. It must be about two years since I was out in the sunshine and I might just go down and walk around the park."

"Don't be silly. You're a complete alcoholic."

"That doesn't matter. I'm my own master, Not that it means much, but I am."

They sat in the apartment saying very little more until late that night, until the bottle was gone and Tom had fallen over at half-mast on the couch to sleep.

Two days later Nero had the Ford packed and ready. They had their goodbyes with considerable handshaking and well-wishing and Nero was gone less than an hour when he called that he had two flat tires and would be back for another night. The next morning he slept late, past the time he had pledged to be gone, so that it was late afternoon before he started again. By that time the Nashville rain was coming down in sheets and his leaving seemed somehow a part of the storm with a lot of running to and fro and yelling and opening and closing windows out at the car and in the apartment.

When he was gone Tom sat down in Nero's old place on the carpet feeling instantly lonesome. He sat there for a long time with his shoulders down and his eyes transfixed in space. "I'm not even getting drunk," he said aloud. At the window, then, he stood looking out over the rainswept town. He knew, finally, what was out there, what was in Nashville and in all cities everywhere, but his place and mission were never so vague. His whole ministry and life emptied into the rain that crept down his window and moved out silently over the lawn toward the street beyond. Night was slowly coming on and the neons were beginning to signal through the trees. He watched them for a long time until they seemed to move far away like distant harbors across a long winter tide.

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Reviews

The Glass Knothole

Ogden Dwight

I have a friend who can read without moving his lips, even though he watches television.

Also he is pretty high in the smarts dept., since he is a bonafide doctor with a degree and all that, and keeps the alert light a-burning for things that go on in what the TV press insists on calling "real life."

Of course he knows that I, too, have a medical degree, earned at hard labor and cruel servitude—watching all those headshrinker and hospital programs, not to mention the commercials for greasy kid stuff and patent medicines.

Sometimes, for certain maladies, I have more smarts than he has, but no license to practice. So he takes my cases and we divvy up the cash in a private little fee-splitting arrangement I won't explain here.

One recent collaboration was a ringading toughie. We almost called in the Tissue Committee.

It was a postcard from Tonstant Weader, who had grabbed another piece of bubble gum, a fang-dented pencil stub, and turned the transistor up (or down) long enough to write: "Do any of the Beatles have cancer?"

As dignified elders, we overlooked the subject singular and verb plural. We cut straight to the bone. Our motto is, "Get in and get out."

My colleague was all for asking Tonstant Weader, "Can't you tell?"

However, upon third thought, we employed consideration and compassion.

Beatle-wise, the prognosis was not good. I mean, who knows? All that hair, and those cries of pain. We compromised.

"Dear Ton-stant Wead-er," we replied. "See the Beat-les. Are-n't they pret-ty? They don't sing good, like sing-ers should. But they make lots of mon-ey. Don't you wish you could make lots of mon-ey like the Beat-les?

"We can-not tell wheth-er they have can-cer, but we don't be-lieve they do. You know, because of the way they jump a-round. See them jump a-round. See all the peop-le scream-ing. Those lit-tle girls scream-ing have a lot more to wor-ry a-bout than the pret-ty Beat-les. Those lit-tle girls have troub-le in the head, or some-place.

"So don't lose any sleep o-ver the Beat-les. We don't know what they've got, but they've got some-thing. If you ev-er find out what it is, let us know."

And we pwomptly did not hear anything more from Tonstant Weader. But hark! there was troub-le enough in our own liv-ing rooms: the customary quadrennial epidemic of Galloping Politics, or, video schizophrenia.

"It's about got me whipped," the doctor said. "I think it has settled in my eyes." They were shifty and slightly crossed.

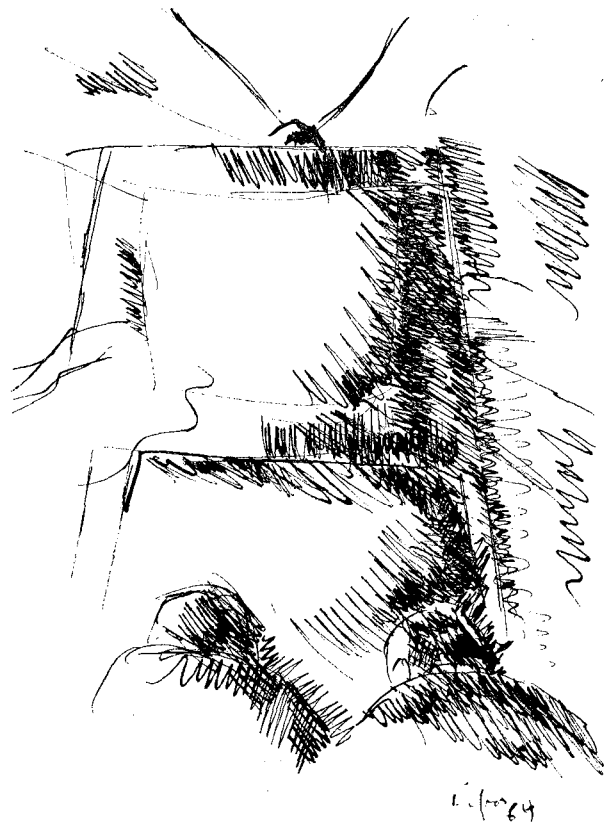
"One night," he said, "I see Chet and David, and the next night it's Howard and Ed, and the next it's Walter—and then what do you know, Walter isn't there any more, and I get Bob and Roger. I can't adjust. I can't cope."

Oh, this poor man. He had bad troub-le. He needed help.

Take it easy. Keep calm. How about a nice cup of warm milk?

"Ha, ha," he said. It was like the tolling of a distant knell.

"You can sit there and say that," he mourned. "That's what I tell all my patients. So knock it off."



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Be gentle. This intelligent man was near the Breaking Point. Ping-pong eyes, tennis neck. Too many TV commentators coming and going.

He should quit wor-ry-ing about the gabbers' Big Parade.

"I can't quit wor-ry-ing," he said, and began to cry a little. "I keep won-der-ing if Walter will ever find hap-pi-ness. I don't care who's pres-i-dent, just so Walter doesn't go away. He gives me a feeling of se-cur-i-ty."

Here was a glimmer of self-awareness and hope. A complete breakdown could be averted if he could understand that it is not im-port-ant on Mad-i-son Av-en-ue whether Candidate X or Candidate Y wins the pres-i-denc-y. The main thing is which TV network wins the best ratings.

"Yes," said the stricken man, "I can see it now, and I will try to brace up. Even if the next TV team turns out to be Trade and Mark, the two Smith Brothers, I will keep telling myself that our country is in good hands.

"Even so, when I think about Wal-ter, I wax wroth. Say, how do you wax wroth?"

This, the syntax racket, was firmer ground. First, you con-ju-gate the verb: wreath, wrath, wroth. Then you take some wax, and—well, it happens quicker than that fast-fast-fast headache pill. Just have some wroth on hand—a teaspoonful will do.

"Yeah," said the doctor. "I get it. Like salts. Still, the commentating game—it's like the Beat-les. I listen, but I don't LEARN anything."

Sure, it's chancey, but that's show-biz. Hair today, gone tomorrow.

Books

CATERWAUL

Here Goes Kitten. Robert Gover. Grove Press, N. Y., 1964. 184 pp. $3.95.

The most interesting whore in recent literature made her debut in *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding.* Now Kitten is back. This time making her "day-bue" as Gigi Abercrombie, an aphrodisiacal singer in a night club called the Fish Pond. There, Kitten is re-discovered by Jay See (J. C. Holland), the sophomore narrator of the previous book, who is now finished with college and an incipient southern politician playing shepherd to the 300 pound Chairman of The County Commissioners for a night of tom-catting. Jay See was ignorant, callow and an embryo bigot in the first book. He has matured into an ignorant, callow, ambitious bigot. Now seventeen, Kitten, illiterate and ignorant but perceptive, has learned a little to help a poor colored girl get along in a white world.

Once again, Gover lets Jay See narrate a chapter in a hash of psuedo-literary style and then follows it with Kitten's distinctive version of the same events related in a lusty patois blended of Poor Southern, Vulgar and Beat.

In the foreground, Kitten and Jay See live and breathe and couple and fight as convincingly as real people who do not understand each other—and never could. The Board Chairman is sketched lightly but sufficiently. Queer characters contrived to share Kitten's utopian escape from reality in an abandoned, isolated farmhouse are merely pins at the end of a sad bowling alley down which Jay See rolls ponderous balls of conventional, stupid argument in an effort to lend substance to the plot.

This is not a book to titillate censors though it probably will. It might serve as a source book for economists, sociologists, and the hordes who dabble with the edges of ignorance, poverty, illiteracy, politics, etc., etc., etc., etc., but it probably will not. The only safe way to approach *Here Goes Kitten* is as a ribald, rollicking caterwaul. On your marks! Get set! . . . .

Armarius

AFRICAN MISS LONELYHEARTS

Tell Me, Josephine. Ed. Barbara Hall. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1964. 142 pp. $3.50.

Well might the Prime Minister of Northern Rhodesia, Kenneth Kuanda, provide a short foreword for *Tell Me, Josephine*: this slim classic will inform more Europeans and Americans about Africa than anything else in sight. "Old values are falling away, and little that is solid exists to replace them," writes Kuanda, and from this one might expect sociology. It is there, but free of pedantry and polysyllables; the words "standard of living" do not occur. Instead we have the sprightly and engaging replies of *Central African Mail's* Miss Lonelyhearts to problems of mating in Zambia. In her columns the conflict of tribal and modern occur like this: "Question: My uncle who is a charcoal-burner was taken to Native Court and told to pay £15 for damaging two virgins. He has written to me that according to our custom I must get the money for him. . . . This will take all my savings which I had planned to use for marriage in two years . . ." Answer. "If you wish to keep tribal custom, then you are obliged to help your uncle. . . . If you do not care about tribal customs any more, then no one can make you pay." Or question: "I love a girl till Kingdom Come. But she is Chewa by tribe and I am Tumbuka. The Chewa folk use cattle for paying lobola [dowry] but in my tribe we do not own cattle for this thing. Easier for me to deliver wild buffaloes from the forest!" Answer. "Why not save your money and go to buy cattle from the tribes that keep them?"

Male and female seem equally eager for marriage, and courtship is simple. There are those who fear they

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are not attractive, and Josephine responds to them with the ultimate in practicality: To "My worry is that I am too thin in the legs" . . . she suggests long pants; to "I met a nurse . . . and fell in love . . . next day she wrote saying she could not love me because I have hair on the chest" there comes a recommendation for buttoning the shirt. A fat boy, fearful that love will pass him by, is told to do some road work. At her wittiest Josephine advises a young lady with two friends ("one is a kind boy who gives me buns and sweets . . . but the other is better at loving") to "marry the kind one, and then teach him to be terrific at loving." Or Question: "Should I marry a rich old man who is a trader in the village, who can give me sheets on the bed, and dresses? Or should I have the handsome young man who has no money? Who would you pick, Josephine?" Answer: "I'd prefer a handsome young one with money! But it all depends on whether you want love or sheets when you go to bed."

One gets the impression that courtship is a matter of hours, though, the decision to mate once taken, the arrangement may last out the lifetime. Marriage, which is a matter of propriety rather than necessity, may precede or follow pregnancy. The crucial point is that the relationship be fertile; an initial year of marital barrenness, and divorce comes to the mind of the male. Separation is easily enough arranged. Men who leave their tribal families to find employment in town seem often to acquire urban spouses. In such cases Josephine advises a quick choice and an early divorce lest the poor fellow have two pregnant spouses at once. The whole thing appears no more serious than changing jobs. The children are no problem; they are raised by the tribe, and coveted by all. Page after page it is all indigenously African. A man who reported rudely driving out a strange woman who came climbing through his window is reproved by our Josephine. He should have inquired whether she were being chased by a lion.

In South Africa, where miners lead a barracks life, their families far off in tribal villages, nocturnal desperation can be relieved only by public beering, officially sponsored. The institution has spread northward, with no good effects. Men sit elbow to elbow in dim and dirty halls drinking the soupy and intoxicating local product, and presently their families take up the habit. Josephine hears, "We have no water, no lights, no schools and no lavatories but the Municipals say they will build us a big beerhall. If we drink beer to give profits then one day there will be water supplied for us in taps. . . . Do other countries make poor people drink beer to collect money for water?" Though touched lightly in these rollicking pages destined for a European audience, African misery appears in other forms as well. Josephine criticizes a worker who makes £10 ($28) a month and sends only £3 ($8.60) to keep his wife and six children. The problem of two married lepers, both presently eligible to leave the hospital, but having trouble making the dowry payment, needs no comment. A bag of salt is a large gift, possession of a radio protectively encased in a saucepan raises one out of the lowest orders, while a bicycle, if it can be afforded, has to serve as the family station wagon on trips.

What is hopeful is the compulsive drive for education. It is stronger in towns than in countryside, occurs more among men than among women and doubtless especially frequently among Josephine's correspondents. What money can be saved from the food budget goes to tuition. Education interrupted for a year or two is resolutely recommenced when feasible once again. Becoming a graduate means getting a chance to be a school teacher and thus rising into the elite, and being recognized a contributor to the future of Africa. Educated women command a higher dowry; the penalty for damaging an educated virgin is more severe. Education also brings a chance to try for special privileges. Witness Josephine at her best: Question: "I am Mary. My teacher, who likes me, told me that girls who do not go to bed with their teachers do not pass their exams. Can it be true?" Answer: "If you are not smart enough to know the answer is 'no,' then you are not smart enough to pass your exams."

Richard Reichard

HEMINGWAY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES IN PARIS

Ernest Hemingway, A MOVEABLE FEAST. Sketches of the Author's Life in Paris in the Twenties. Scribner's. Cloth. $4.95.

In the 1920's Paris was an international capital, the center of revolution in all the arts. It was not only the home of Proust and André Gide, but also of Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Gris, and Joan Miró; and of Ravel, Debussy, and Stravinsky. The young artist could live cheaply—and honorably—in Paris, and eccentricity, which was the recurring nightmare of the middle class, was the accepted thing since the days when Baudelaire walked a purple lobster on a leash through Montparnasse. It was natural, therefore, that Paris should have been a gathering place for expatriates: for James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and Ezra Pound. Pound had gone to live in Europe early, in 1907, adopting the expatriate role of Henry James, and urging his fellow American writers to leave their "half savage country" to live in England and France. By 1921, E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, and Ernest Hemingway were established in Paris (*The Enormous Room* was published the same year), and the expatriate movement was fully underway.

Since World War II, the great figures of that age

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have been dying: Gide in the early 50's; Hemingway three years ago; and this year almost the last of the survivors, Jean Cocteau and Tristan Tzara. Perhaps because that period may now be viewed as history, memoirs of Paris in the 20's have been appearing with some regularity within the last few years; three which come to mind are Sylvia Beach's *Shakespeare and Company* (principally about James Joyce and the publication of *Ulysses*), Morley Callaghan's *That Summer in Paris* (the Hemingway-Fitzgerald friendship in France), and Matthew Josephson's *Life Among the Surrealists* (the "little" magazines abroad and the French Surrealist writers). As records of the 20's, all three books are informative but limited in some respect, being either sketchy or restricted in scope; most conspicuously, the style in which they are written lacks distinction. It is therefore a pleasure to find in Hemingway's recent posthumous memoirs of Paris in the 20's, *A Moveable Feast,* a brilliant style, a verbal tautness and precision which make the book a controlled aesthetic experience. In a brief preface, Hemingway says much to the same effect: "If the reader prefers, this book may be regarded as fiction."

In addition, *A Moveable Feast* is remarkable for its form. By a selective arrangement of short sketches and scenes, Hemingway moves from a day at the race track at Enghein, to a morning of writing at the cafe, the Closerie des Lilas, to a conversation with Gertrude Stein, to skiing in the Voralberg in Austria. This fragmented, shifting arrangement gives to the memoirs, hardly over two hundred pages, a sense of density and complexity that would not have been expected. The book has, finally, a unity of effect which results from its having been written in the light of a single, sharp emotion—for the years recalled are those of Hemingway's great apprenticeship, when fame had not yet come but was obviously coming; when the Hemingways were poor and lived over the sawmill on the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs; when they were young and so happy that wherever they would go later the memory of Paris in those years would be a moveable feast.

Yet in spite of its impressive pacing and style, *A Moveable Feast* is not an entirely satisfactory book; the reasons are several and central to its conception. Hemingway has, first of all, conceived of his life with his first wife, the former Hadley Richardson, as a tale of young lovers, and the effect is sentimental and sometimes embarrassing. Moreover, they speak with the measured cadences and in the stylized manner of characters out of Hemingway's novels:

> "Do you remember the inn at Aigle where you and Chink sat in the garden that day and read while I fished?"
>
> "Yes, Tatie."
>
> "Do you remember when the horse-chestnut trees were in bloom and I tried to remember a story that Jim Gamble, I think, had told me about a wisteria vine and I couldn't remember it?"
>
> "Yes, Tatie, and you and Chink always talking about how to make things true, writing them, and put them rightly and not describe."

In scenes such as this, Mrs. Hemingway has all of the life-like quality of a ventriloquist's dummy; she ought to have been called "la poupée." To this aesthetic flaw is added another, that of Hemingway's deviation from fact in his reconstruction of his first marriage and account of its breakup. Not very convincingly, he places the blame on the second Mrs. Hemingway.

But the chief interest of the memoirs consists of the portrait-sketches of the expatriate writers Hemingway knew in Paris. They are, almost without exception, unpleasant. Singled out for particular attack is Gertrude Stein, who was of course very much the *grande dame* of the rue de Fleurus, with her coterie of followers and her *ex cathedra* opinions about literature and art. As Hemingway sketches her, she is so biased in her opinions that she speaks well only of those who have praised her work, and so undisciplined as a writer that she would, whenever possible, avoid the drudgery of revision and the obligation to make her work intelligible. But his most devastating criticism relates to her "private" life, and after that it becomes clear his intention is not to do anything like justice to his sub-

ALEXANDER

Not because I have no more worlds to
conquer
But because I have conquered everything
in the world,
And so can take nothing:
The balding merchants with their young
wives,
Even the young men do not refuse me
Their young wives: there is not that young
man
Who'd make a hero more than Alexander
Who so loves
Whatever he might love—his wife, his
honor
As to refuse me (I'd kill him if he did,
And ravish her—but who can I ravish?)
The virgins—all of them slender, dark-
Haired, and blushing, fearful
That I may ask more from them
Than those simpler favors they once denied
Their swains (I do) and that they, of
course, will do it
And never even weep for the shame—
How can there be shame
With Alexander? And because, on my cot
—Too sumptuous to be called a cot,
but still
Better for my purposes than my bed—
Alone, I take myself, and without fear,
I weep.
How can I love Diogenes?
He is an ugly old man.

Tad Richards

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jects, but to discredit them, often by the crudest means.

One of the more malicious portraits is of Ford Madox Ford, who is represented as petty and addicted to foolish talk about the English gentleman. He is reported as reveling ("*Did* I cut him though") in a slight he imagines he has dealt to a passerby presumed to be Hilaire Belloc, but as it later develops is not Belloc at all. Similarly, Hemingway has only hard names for Wyndham Lewis. Miss Stein, Ford, and Lewis had been critical of Hemingway's later writing, and *A Moveable Feast* is obviously his paying them back in kind. It should be remembered, however, that he had been helped in his career by the very people he attacks. Hemingway's stories had first been published by Ford, and he had been assisted in many ways by Miss Stein, whose writing, in addition, had been one of the formative influences on Hemingway's prose style. His writing had also been indebted to Sherwood Anderson, whom he parodied in the novel *The Torrents of Spring*.

There is, however, no justification of any kind for Hemingway's attack upon F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had not only helped Hemingway, when he was not well known, to recognition and a contract with Scribner's, but who also had never criticized Hemingway publicly —even when there was sufficient provocation. Hemingway's version of Fitzgerald is really an enlargement of his attack in the short story "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," in which he refers to "poor Scott Fitzgerald," later changed to "poor Julian." The only difference is that now, instead of being ruined by his romantic awe of the rich, Fitzgerald is ruined by his intolerance for alcohol and by Zelda, who—according to Hemingway —resented Fitzgerald's talent and encouraged its waste. Hemingway obviously invites a comparison with himself, one in which Fitzgerald's susceptibility to the world makes him soft where Hemingway is firm. There is some truth in what Hemingway reports about Fitzgerald and Zelda, but he oversimplifies, showing only their weakness and suppressing anything which might contradict or qualify the view he promotes. Certainly, his representing of Fitzgerald purely as a victim of weakness, later shattered and unable to write (Hemingway uses the image of the butterfly whose wings are damaged), does not do justice to Fitzgerald's character or to his last years.

The "wasted" years at Antibes were, after all, turned to aesthetic purpose in *Tender is the Night,* which Fitzgerald intended as his epic, and which is in any case more richly textured, more mature in its delineation and analysis of a social world than any of Hemingway's novels. *The Last Tycoon,* which Fitzgerald's early death left unfinished, and a number of little-known stories (e.g. "News of Paris—Fifteen Years Ago") show, not that he could no longer write, but that he had entered into a "late maturity." *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald,* edited by Andrew Turnbull, appeared only this spring—a few months before *A Moveable Feast*— and the letters (over six hundred pages of them, and so well-written as to add to his permanent achievement) merely reinforce the impression of Fitzgerald which emerged from Turnbull's discriminating biography of two years ago. Nowhere is he more admirable than in the letters of his final years (the letters to his daughter are extraordinary) in the way in which he faces up to defeat with dignity and pride. The courage of these letters is entirely convincing and unaffected. Yet there is no hint of this dimension of character in the Fitzgerald who appears in *A Moveable Feast.*

A clue to the source of rancor with which *A Moveable Feast* is filled may be found in Morley Callaghan's *That Summer in Paris,* in which Callaghan speaks of Hemingway's compulsion to separate himself from anyone who had affection for him or who had helped him; he refers, furthermore, to Hemingway's resentment of Fitzgerald as a rival. In this connection, Gertrude Stein had once compared the respective "gifts" of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, giving the edge to Fitzgerald, who she said could do easily what Hemingway could do only with struggle. As it happens, Miss Stein and Fitzgerald are discredited at greater length than anyone else in the memoirs. The coincidence suggests what is fundamentally at fault with *A Moveable Feast,* namely that it is transparently an effort on Hemingway's part to dramatize his superiority to and independence of the group of writers with whom his name has been linked. Thus Hemingway is shown in his early confidence, entirely admirable and having all the right ideas, while his contemporaries are revealed to have clay feet. This view cannot be achieved, however, without serious distortion, both in the elevation of Hemingway and in the derogation of his contemporaries; the total effect is that of dishonesty at the core of the book.

A Moveable Feast resembles two other Hemingway books, both autobiography simulating fiction: *The Green Hills of Africa* and *The Dangerous Summer*; in the first he is his own hero, always in the foreground, and his wife and party have something of the function of paid claques; in the second, he is shown at one point followed by admiring crowds. This element of megalomania affects, to some degree, all of his later writing. Almost all of his best work was done while he was still in his twenties, during those years in Paris of which *A Moveable Feast* is a valedictory. *The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms* and half a dozen short stories present Hemingway at his best; during the last thirty years only the moderately successful *The Old Man and the Sea* is of comparable quality. The weakness of his later writing has been overshadowed by the public legend which Hemingway created of himself as a symbol of virility, so that to review his career at this time is like seeing rapidly appearing and disappearing tableaux of him hunting big game in Africa, fishing for marlin in the Carribean and drinking at the Floridita bar, attending bull fights in Spain. The effect on his writing of his having searched out adventure all over the world appears not to have been liberating but narrowing, for his work becomes increasingly self-conscious and rigid, his "code" more formulaire. *A Moveable Feast* is very much part of the pattern of Hemingway's later career, if indeed it is not a climactic part. With its romanticizing of his young manhood, it is more

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of a wish fulfillment than an examination of the social and moral life of Paris in the 20's.

Robert Emmet Long

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Mary McCarthy, *The Group*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

In a *Paris Review* interview, Mary McCarthy described her novel *The Group* "as a kind of mock-chronicle novel . . . about the idea of progress, really. . . . It's supposed to be the history of the loss of faith in progress, the idea of progress." Although Miss McCarthy does not succeed in her original plan to carry the eight Vassar girls who represent its composite protagonist "to the present time" nor even to "the inauguration of Eisenhower," she does succeed in making her novel a mock chronicle about, and a disillusionment with, the idea of progress. The result is rather interesting and certainly well worth the time to read, but her technique of the mock chronicle — as indeed much of the technique of her fiction — raises certain doubts which prevent unqualified endorsements. Some doubts are the result of preconceptions on the part of the reader and some are the result of Miss McCarthy's own failures.

First, Miss McCarthy writes a brand of fiction different from the usual "serious novel" one reads. She is violently opposed to "mythic literature," its insistent symbolization, and its single, monotonous story. As she once explained in "Settling the Colonel's Hash,"

> What is depressing about this insistent symbolization is the fact that while it claims to lead to the infinite, it quickly reaches very finite limits — there are only so many myths on record, and once you have got through Bulfinch, the Scandinavian, and the Indian, there is not much left. . . . American fiction of the symbolist school demonstrates this mournful truth, without precisely intending to. A few years ago . . . chic novels and stories fell into three classes: those which had a Greek myth for their framework, which the reader was supposed to detect, like finding the faces in the clouds in old newspaper puzzle contests; those which had symbolic modern figures, dwarfs, hermaphrodites, and cripples, illustrating maiming and loneliness; and those which contained symbolic animals, cougars, wild cats, and monkeys.

So the reader is not to expect in her fiction either the usual brand of literary symbolism or the usual mythic framework, for as Miss McCarthy warns, "Literary sybolism is centrifugal and flees from the object, the event, into the incorporeal distance, where concepts are taken for substance and floating ideas and archetypes assume a hieratic authority."

What the reader is to expect and what he does find in the fiction of Miss McCarthy is the "natural symbol."

> In any account of reality, even a televised one, which comes closest to being a literal transcript or replay, some details are left out as irrelevant (though nothing is really irrelevant). The details that are not eliminated have to stand as symbols of the whole, like stenographic signs, and of course there is an art of selection, even in a newspaper account: the writer, if he has any ability, is looking for the revealing detail that will sum up the picture for the reader in a flash of recognition.

This "natural symbol" has an affinity with the naturalistic detail of James Joyce in *Dubliners* and his concept of "epiphany," the sudden revelation of an inner essence or "whatness" of an object, character, situation, or experience, usually manifested by physical detail. A person's most natural gesture — say a sudden movement of the hand — may in a given instance illuminate his entire being. As Miss McCarthy expresses it, "Every short story, at least for me, is a little act of discovery. A cluster of details presents itself to my scrutiny, like a mystery that I will understand in the course of writing or sometimes not fully until afterward, when, if I have been honest and listened to these details carefully, I will find that they are connected and that there is a coherent pattern." The technique also has affinities with the fiction of Henry James, whom Miss McCarthy acknowledges as an early influence: "I think my first story, the first one in *The Company She Keeps,* definitely shows the Jamesian influence — James is so terribly catching."

Similarly what the reader is expected to find in the narrative is not a centrifugal nor symbolic framework but a literalness undercut and perhaps distorted by a patterning of events which resembles more nearly a theory of history than an Aristotelian beginning, middle, and end. This distortion along with the lack of centrifugal framework leads even Miss McCarthy to question at times whether she writes novels since it excludes the theory of literary naturalism which often accompanies the use of the "natural symbol." "I'm not sure any of my books are novels. . . . Something happens to my writing — I don't mean it to — a sort of distortion. . . . The description takes on a sort of extravagance."

Since Miss McCarthy is not a systematic historian, the principle by which the events are to be patterned changes, and the kind of distortion varies from novel to novel. In her first novel, *The Company She Keeps,* the distortion results from the construction of the novel. The book begins as a group of short stories in which the same character reappeared until finally Miss McCarthy decided to weld the stories together into what she later called a novel " in that it does in a sense tell *a* story, one story." *The Oasis,* likewise, was written as a *conte,* "a *conte philosophique.*" *The Groves of Academe,* Miss McCarthy's third novel, is her closest attempt at a centrifugal framework, in that all the events of the book are structured to a simple turning of tables, an ironic reversal. Again, *A Charmed Life,* her fourth novel, is intended to be centrifugal in that it is intended to have a "fairy tale element in it." All the characters are "charmed" by their being comic characters and hence, in Miss McCarthy's mind, "immortal" and out-of-time.

The characters of *The Group* are also "charmed,"

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so to speak, and this presented one of the main problems in the construction of the book: "These girls are essentially comic figures, and it's awfully hard to make anything happen to them. . . . They really can't develop!" For this reason, and perhaps as a consequence of her interest in history consequent to her writing *Venice Observed* and *The Stones of Florence,* Mary McCarthy takes on a more conscious use of an historian's techniques in *The Group*. First, she admits to a policy of time jumps: "They all appear at the beginning . . . And then I take them one by one, chapter by chapter. . . . One five years later, another eight years later, and so on." Second, she admits in practice to a pattern of reversals which the book proposes as its measurement of change. Chapter after chapter, circumstances end the opposite of what they begin. Social optimism changes to pessimism; idealism to sadism; concern to self-concern. Repeated, this pattern enlists a broader change of attitudes which reflects the whole generation's moving from faith to disillusionment.

Thus the book is episodic and closer to a tradition of Daniel Defoe than of Henry Fielding. Nonetheless, in that these separate episodes relate to a central theme, they are more complex than Defoe's. They not only concern the same people throughout, but they keep repeating in variation what eventually evolves as the unstated theme of the entire book, disappointment. The technique is similar to that used by Graham Greene in his novel, *A Burnt-Out Case*. There characters sifted between the hollow platitudes of his priest (religion) and his doctor (science) and emerged individually and collectively as "burnt-out cases." As in the case of Miss McCarthy's fiction, some question was raised as to whether or not the structure was properly "novelistic." Still, the structure of *The Group* is admittedly and decidedly imaginative, interpretative, and not literal. As Miss McCarthy writes, "What I really do is take real plums and put them in an imaginary cake. If you're interested in the cake, you get rather annoyed with people saying what species the real plum was."

Lastly, what the reader encounters is a style of writing which has been described by Arthur Mizener as "wholly lacking in romantic solemnity and emotive rhetoric." Miss McCarthy's cool and reasonable voice fixes not on her own emotions, but on the revealing details of people's lives, on the pretense of their surroundings, and the absurdities of their behavior. The voice is precise and commonsense and is most appealing where she runs no risk of sounding unfeeling. Where she does run the risk, her characters have an air of caricature.

Thus, in all of Miss McCarthy's fiction, the reader must adjust to her particular stresses and mixture of detail, theme, and style. In the selection of detail, he must expect that she will deal with the commonplace not the bizarre and that the detail may even border on the banal. In *The Group,* for instance, the important details have mainly to do with food. At Kay Strong's wedding breakfast, which occupies much of the opening chapter, great ado is made about the eggs Benedict and Baked Alaska which are served. Later much is said about recipes, baked beans, canned foods, bottle-versus-breast feeding, plain and fancy cooking. These details set off certain illuminations of character and emotion. For example, when Kay's husband Harald loses his job, Kay understandingly decides not to make the "Welsh rabbit with beer," and instead opens a can of beans and dumps them into a baking dish and tops them with strips of bacon. Likewise when Harald walks out on the marriage, it is described: "So I sent Harald out to get one [a cucumber pickle] at a delicatessen, and he never came back. I realize it was stupid; I could have used India relish. But the recipe called for cucumber pickle."

In addition there are other motifs — sex, clothes, apartments — in which careful detail is amassed and which the reader must accept if he is going to achieve any appreciation of Miss McCarthy's technique. In one of the few "mythic" sections, Helena Davison, one of "the group" of eight girls from the South Tower of Main, visits the apartment of socialist-earth mother Norine Schmittlapp, and the appearance of the apartment changes during the visit from a socialist manifesto — "Norine and Put were surrounded by articles of belief, down to the last can of evaporated milk and the single, monastic pillow on the double bed." — to the cave of some chthonic deity —

> she could write a fine paper . . . on the chthonic imagery of Norine's apartment, which, if not exactly a cellar . . . was black as a coal-hole and heated by the furnace of the hostess' unslaked desires, burning like quicklime and giving off . . . a good deal of hot air. Drolly, she considered the "bitch in heat upstairs," surely a totem or familiar, the Fallopian tubes of the landlady (a root system?), the Cerberus in the back yard. "Oh queen of hell," she said to herself, "where does your Corn Mother mourn?"

Nevertheless, in reading *The Group,* one has the feeling that Miss McCarthy has failed, too. Major among her failures is her conception of the work as a mock chronicle. The form is more slippery than fortuitous. It provides for her having her cake and eating it too, particularly with regard to the interrelationships of detail, style, and theme. First, one wonders, in her portrayal of "loss of faith in progress," if she has chosen the best incidents for making her statement, although admittedly she makes it. The idea of progress which she speaks of as having been lost, or rather the loss of faith in the idea of progress, is "seen in the female sphere, the feminine sphere . . . home economics, architecture, domestic technology, contraception, childbearing; the study of technology in the home, in the play-pen, in the bed." It proceeds from Miss McCarthy's earlier awareness in "Characters in Fiction" that "for twenty-five years no American woman had had her likeness taken" despite "the dominant role women are supposed to play in American life." It follows, too, the attitude toward life proposed in 1933 by Ruth Mallay in "Vassar's Institute of Euthenics," and may have been an additional reason for the selection. According to Miss Mallay, euthenics "expresses itself

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as a study of those elements in our physical and psychological constitution, which, playing upon our particular environments, affects our lives as members of a family group." For these reasons perhaps the focus of the book is on the home, and "The fathers vaguely figure . . . but the mothers are really monumentally present!" Still, it seems there might be other spheres having wider consequence and more directly relevant to the social statement which Miss McCarthy wants to make.

Too, one senses that in her novel the illumination which she writes of as the function of detail is not clearly defined. In such a novel where the purpose is to be both artistic and historical, two kinds of details are needed, those which evoke dramatic situation and those which illuminate the historical perspective. Ideally one would expect that the selection of details would do both. But in reality we have details whose function is either to recall the historic sense or to serve only the literary sense. The neat distinction which Miss McCarthy makes of putting real plums in an imaginary cake breaks down, and one has the feeling that half of her working of detail is, like most Women Writers', merely "for the sake of décor."

Then, too, Miss McCarthy fails to create out of her eight Vassar girls a single memorable character. The reason seems twofold: First, despite her brilliant wit and incisive analyses of human behavior, one gets the impression that the characters are not portrayed richly or deeply enough, that what Miss McCarthy is talking about is really the public image of the Vassar girl, and that in a few years the book may be more valuable to a cultural historian than to the average reader; and second, that despite her explanation that "Some of them are drawn pretty much from life, and some of them are rather composite," the "sustained power of mimicry" which she speaks of in "Characters in Fiction" as the "secret of all creators of characters" is faulty. She does not succeed in keeping herself out of the novel.

The public image of the Vassar girl which Miss McCarthy seems to select is the image seen in magazine articles on Vassar during the mid-thirties when newspapers branded Vassar girls "the fairest flowers of the capitalist system." In one article written by Evelyn Seeley for *The Literary Digest,* the real Hallie Flannagan says, "Our students are increasingly unsentimental, critical, realistic. Vassar was founded on the premise of social concern, but that concern is no longer remote and academic; the students are coming closer and closer to grips with social reality. In the plays they write and produce about the American scene, the direction of their interest is unmistakable." Warden Eleanor Dodge adds, "Nobody here is untouched by the depression; they want to know why it happened, and what about the future. They don't know what that future will be like, but they want to be part of it. Along with their social enthusiasm there is a great creative intensity in music and literature and art, but it, too, is identified with the contemporary and changing world."

BEACHES CAUGHT IN GLASS

Aunt Avis made this collection.
All her
world's beaches were poured into these vials,
labeled and corked, buried in this bottom
drawer. She would exhume them from time to
time, I suppose, when the sky closed in the
farm she ran down till her time ran out. Now
there are no more hens for her to coddle
till they died of barren ages, and these
small, transparent sections of the thin glass
tunnel she inhabited stop here for
good, clotted by the sands of everyplace
she ever was.

She has classified these
grains: the vials are numbered and laid in
line in small boxes. At one time there must
have been an index—but it has been lost
now, or mislaid. Who can tell what beaches
she scooped up? Aunt Avis trod on Number
Twelve; Number Three was a fine blue day, the
combers parading like white roosters by
her eyes, and the sand fine as flour as
it smoothened against her nail.

Now the dark,
as I slide the door to, shall close over
her orderly strands, and the pale conch of
silence roar against these dry seasides till
the house is sold, or a cataclysm
of small hands someday finds her walled-up hou

Then, in a fine riptide of shattered glass,
all her world will come together in a
dune of years, and she will be forgotten.

In 1935, the campus play, *The Question Before the House,* asked the question: "How long can a liberal college stay liberal when its students are moved intellectually and emotionally to participate in a labor crisis just outside its gates?" In the play, students go on the picket-line, a student falls in love with a striker, and "the function of a liberal college" ends in a blackout. At the same time, as Miss Seeley records, "There still is the daisy-chain; still the prom, usually big and successful this year."

Nor can one feel that Miss McCarthy has successfully divorced herself from the lives of her eight alumnae—Kay Strong, Libby MacAusland, Polly Andrews, Elinor Eastlake, Pris Hartshorn, Dottie Renfrew, Pokey Prothero, and Helena Davison. She seems to haunt all their lives, making it impossible for any of them to stand on their own. Kay's marriage to a young socialist playwright, for instance, resembles Miss McCarthy's

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THIS BANJO OF BRIGHT STRINGS

It is morning, Brother Night.
Put off your cowl, lay it
upon the sill, and take up
this banjo of bright strings.

I hear your paramour
singing among the taproots of lofty oaks,
and the willow limbs
chime as they lash her.

In this cell of shadows,
by this table of boards
whose rosary of hours lies telling
itself to the air,

there is a silence
repeating mustily among crumbs and rinds.
Shall I rise with you,
friar, out of this lechery of sheets

to go walking in a windy garden?
There are blooms there, boles
and stems, where sapphires
tempt the greedy bee.

Lewis Turco

own first marriage. "My first husband had worked at the Theater Union, which was a radical group downtown that put on proletarian plays, and there were lots of Communists in that. Very few Socialists." Kay spends time in Payne Whitney, a New York psychiatric clinic, as did Miss McCarthy. Kay really wants to be in the theater, but believes she has "no talent." So did Miss McCarthy. Likewise Libby's experiences as a book reviewer and her encounters with a left-wing press as a reader echo Miss McCarthy's life: "Well, I went to New York, and I began reviewing for the *New Republic* and the *Nation*—right away . . . The *Nation* wanted a large-scale attack on critics and book-reviewers, chiefly those in the *Herald Tribune*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, and so on. I had been doing some rather harsh reviews, so that they chose me as the person to do this. . . . At the same time [several years later] I got a job at Covici Friede, a rather left-wing publishing house now out of business, also full of Stalinists." Polly's experiences with Trotskyites and Stalinists during the Moscow trials likewise suggest a basis in Miss McCarthy's own life.

The result of these borrowings produces a result similar to that described by Simone de Beauvoir in her preface to *La Force de l'Age*. Miss McCarthy can't write about her later self, even fictionalized, with the same candor that she wrote about her childhood. One has a sense that something is left out, that although she knows considerable about each of these girls, she is withholding something, that core of private image which produces the surprises and turnabouts of great characterization.

These then are her major failings. What the reader does find and what makes *The Group* interesting and well worth the time to read is a skillful portrayal of the loss of faith in the idea of progress as evidenced in these eight "fairest flowers of the capitalist system," particularly as the loss is reflected in the characters' view of Kay Strong, "the gate-crasher from the Far West" and the heroine of the tale in that her dying makes her the novel's only non-comic character. Kay is the one character of the book who is "capable of learning." She initiates the games of Truth which "the group" plays. Her wedding begins the book and her funeral seven years later ends it. As Harald puts it, "Kay is not afraid of life." He feels that marriage to her is "a pledge to the future," and the other characters of the book react similarly. At the moment Kay tosses the bridal bouquet, all agree that she "never looked prettier." But as the book develops, the storybook marriage of Kay and Harald collapses into disappointment and sadism. After one long bitter argument, Harald maliciously commits her to a mental hospital. The last chapter is one of unrelieved bitterness and disillusionment. In it, the lesbian Lakey (Elinor Eastlake) takes her revenge on Harald for his having destroyed Kay and the group's symbol of hope. Her bitterness, reflected in the bitterness of Kay's parents who do not attend the funeral and in the bitterness of the funeral crowd at the arrival of Harald, reveals her action, like the early optimism of the book, is indicative of more widespread disillusionment. Even the fact of Lakey's lesbianism as opposed to the normal love relationships which begin the book suggests the decline of values.

The impact and value of the book come from watching this disillusionment portrayed with savage honesty. Miss McCarthy gets at the revealing, frustrating truth, whether it concerns disillusionment with sex, being fitted with a pessary, the way children are weaned, or the futility of a love affair with a weak-willed married bourgeois Stalinist. One wonders if carrying these characters through World War II to 1953 or past would have shown—as well as the growing bourgeois natures of the heroines—guilt growing out of the sadism and the final moral apathy which seems to be prevalent now. As Miss McCarthy says, "I must say, I believe much more in truth now than I did. I do believe in the solidity of truth much more. Yes. I believe there is a truth,

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and that it's knowable." Yes, but in that truth where have all the flowers gone?

Jerome L. Mazzaro

RECENT POETRY AND THE SMALL PRESS

J. V. Cunningham, *The Journal of John Cardan;* Alan Swallow, Denver, 1964. Cloth, $2.50
J. V. Cunningham, *To What Strangers, What Welcome;* Alan Swallow, Denver, 1964. Paper, $1.75
James Schevill, *The Stalingrad Elegies;* Alan Swallow, Denver, 1964. Paper, $1.65. Cloth, $2.25
Philip Levine, *On the Edge;* The Second Press, Iowa City, 1964. Paper, $1.90

"Nobody reads poetry these days" is a statement we hear a great deal.

Perhaps because it's largely true. Poetry has been left to the students, the academicians, and the eccentrics. Perhaps it's because "Poetry makes nothing happen" as Auden once put it. Or because, as Shapiro phrased it, "The true poetry of the American people is advertising." Or perhaps it's because, as the Old Guard of the public libraries complain, "It's too obscure." But perhaps it's because "nobody reads it" that American poetry is flourishing. And it is. It is possible to tick off today the names of a round dozen established poets and innumerable "young" poets of both accomplishment and promise. Fresh anthologies are rampant, and "small" presses abound.

It is also possible that established presses are partly responsible for this renaissance. For many of them, books of poetry are sure losers financially. Scribner's long ago folded its Poets of Today series. Holt, Rinehart & Winston do one "new" poet a year. Athenaeum publishes a ms. only if editorial opinion is nearly unanimous. And so on.

So the field is left to the "small" presses, and they are doing a good job. It would be hard to find a poetry list more impressive than Swallow's or Wesleyan's (though these lists are very different). And they get the work into the hands of interested readers. So the commercial bind of the big publishers may contribute in a left-handed way to the health of American poetry.

Alan Swallow's three recent releases testify to the current strength of both poetry and the small press.

Two of these books are by J. V. Cunningham, probably the most unreckoned-with "senior" poet in the country today. (Open almost any anthology from Untermeyer revised to *Contemporary American Poetry* and you will not find his work included.) Of these two books, *The Journal of John Cardan* offers a series of short prose entries on a variety of subjects from writing to love; a reissue of an essay, "The Problem of Form"; and a reissue of the author's finest essay on the poet and poetry, *The Quest of the Opal.* The latter is probably the most definitive statement available of the modern neo-classic position in poetry. Together with the selection of poems it reprints from *The Helmsman* and *The Judge is Fury, The Journal* makes a revealing configuration, an excellent introduction to Cunningham's work for those previously unacquainted with it.

But Cunningham's new poems, *To What Strangers, What Welcome,* are some of the best of his I've ever seen (and I can boast of having read *all* his work at this point). In this book (limited edition of 1000 copies) designed by Theo Jung and a far superior job of bookwork than we usually get from Swallow, Cunningham has surely reached another peak in his development. The "subject" of these 15 brief lyrics is essentially love; it is one which has occupied much of Cunningham's attention for years. He is, in fact, one of the only really persistent and really good American poets on love, a fact ironically overlooked at a time when love is a national obsession and good writing about it a universal scarcity.

The difference between the earlier poems of Cunningham and the new ones is principally two-fold: there is a difference in *tone* which follows from a difference in *style.* The poems have less of the chill of analysis and more of human warmth, and there is a consequent movement in the direction of real tragedy. Compare the last two stanzas of "Unromantic Love" from *The Journal*:

> *Only my love is love's ideal.*
> *The love I could discover*
> *In these recesses knows no lover,*
> *Is the unreal,*
> *The undefined, unanalyzed,*
> *Unabsolute many;*
> *It is antithesis of any,*
> *In none comprised.*

with #9 from *To What Strangers*:

> *Innocent to Innocent*
> *One asked, What is perfect love?*
> *Not knowing it is not love,*
> *Which is imperfect—some kind*
> *Of love or other, some kind*
> *Of interchange with wanting,*
> *There when all else is wanting,*
> *Something by which we make do.*
> *So, impaired, uninnocent,*
> *If I love you—as I do—*
> *To the very perfection*
> *Of perfect imperfection,*
> *It's that I care more for you*
> *Than for my feeling for you.*

There is a noticeable lack of rhyme in these new poems, though in #9 it is replaced by the repetition of end-words. And there is a distinct loosening of meter by a resort to syllabics, so that the language seems to move not less precisely but more precisely in accord with the emotion which charges the thought. "Something by which we make do." The accurate vagueness, the colloquial diction, the understatement, all are there, exquisitely balanced.

Nor has the loosening of form and the subsequent gain in emotional power been achieved at the expense of effects of which Cunningham is a past master. "If I love you . . ./It's that I care more for you/ Than for

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my feeling for you." The power of this paradox is not diminished but heightened and warmed by this freshening of style.

But as important as the stylistic change is, it is not more demanding of our attention than what this book says about love. No subject is more important to humanity than this one; none more bewildering, more profound.

The key to these 15 related lyrics is to be found in an extended epigraph taken from E. A. Robinson's *Merlin*, surely one of the forgotten great American poems. But the sequence is quite clear even without reference to Robinson's work. Taken together, these lyrics define the journey of a man to meet a woman he loves, random but relevant experiences *en route,* and their meeting and subsequent separation. At various points, the poems raise and reply to important questions regarding the nature of love and the act of love itself. From #3:

> . . . . . .
> *. . . what name subsumes*
> *That act external to our sleeping selves?*
> *Not pleasure . . .*
> *Not sex, not for the moment love, but pride.*

Or from #10:

> *. . . Must it be sin,*
> *This consummation of who knows what?*
> . . . . . .
> *. . . Something*
> *That happens because it must happen.*
> *We live in the given. Consequence,*
> *And lack of consequence, both fail us.*
> *Good is what we can do with evil.*

Finally, however, when the narrator realizes that time has moved irrevocably on and the incident is over ("Was it unforgiveable/ My darling, that you loved me?"), we see that the question of love is also bound up inextricably with the problem of human identity. Poem #15 must here be quoted in full, for no comment of mine could ever catch the tragic colors of the narrator's deepening sense of the meaning of love's failure:

> *Identity, that spectator*
> *Of what he calls himself, that net*
> *And aggregate of energies*
> *In transient combination—some*
> *So marginal are they mine. Or is*
> *There mine? I sit in the last warmth*
> *Of a New England fall, and I?*
> *A premise of identity*
> *Where the lost hurries to be lost,*
> *Both in its own best interests*
> *And in the interests of life.*

Next among these small press books which ought to be in the library of anyone interested in poetry is James Schevill's *The Stalingrad Elegies,* also published by Alan Swallow. This, too, is an improved job of book design, and Leonard Breger's drawings do it full justice.

Schevill found his raw material ready to hand in the form of *Last Letters from Stalingrad* (published first in Germany in 1954 and then in the U.S. by William Morrow and Co., 1962). These letters, seized by the German army itself when the last plane out of Stalingrad landed at Novo-Cherkask in 1943, reveal more than "troop-morale," and Schevill has skillfully and faithfully rendered them into vivid, imaginative portraits of men.

Among the most moving of these poems is "He is not Here in Stalingrad" in which a young German soldier writes of his despair to his minister father. The clean, unsentimental language Schevill employs only sharpens our sense of the tragedy. And the tragedy is not only war, inevitable death—but the personal void they reveal between the young man and his father. Here are the first and the final stanza:

> *God rides in your bells,*
> *Father, you are a minister;*
> *He sings in your hymns and prayers,*
> *In the blessings of priests and pastors,*
> *In the crucifix that glares,*
> *But He is not here in Stalingrad.*
> . . . . . .
> *I searched for Him in scorched houses,*
> *In every dead mask, in the sky of shells.*
> *I searched for Him in the snow, I never*
> *Found Him. God did not show Himself.*
> *I cannot make up for this letter ever,*
> *But He is not here in Stalingrad.*

But the Germans at Stalingrad are not only sons, husbands, lovers, musicians, astronomers, and actors; they are also soldiers. And Schevill doesn't stint this aspect of his subject; for, to do so would be brutal sentimentality. He is careful to give us "The Prussian Officer," suitably stoic and duty-oriented: "Weathers change, not men. Our enemies remain;/ At home, in foreign countries, we'll do again/ What we were born to do . . ."; and "The Tank-Weeper" who "weeps for his tanks./ His lost pride, his warrior self on wheels." But the most vibrant and complex portrait of a soldier is "The Field Marshal's Farewell" in which we see entangled professional with personal pride, loyalty with common sense, and the cold truth of the long view with the pity of the short.

Schevill's *Elegies* are a notable achievement as history, as portraiture, and as poetry.

Philip Levine's first book, *On the Edge* (originally published in a handset, hard-cover edition by The Stonewall Press) has just been reissued in paper by Stonewall's subsidiary, The Second Press. Kim Merker has done his usual fine job of book design and printing, and Levine's poems are more than worth the purchase price.

Levine's stock in trade includes a beautiful economy and forthrightness of language whether he writes in traditional meters or syllabics. There is no waste. There is none of the hysterical rhetoric of the "Beats"; nor the dry, axiomatic crimp of the academics (although one of Levine's "vices" is to become cerebral, he is never dispassionately so). Furthermore, unlike many of our younger poets, his poems are full of people, events, and recognizable twentieth-century hardware. In a

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time when Beat poets are hipped on the grotesqueries of our consumer society, and when the academics seem obsessed with fountains, Hyde Park, and their ancestor aunts, it is refreshing to meet a poet who does not insist on a *parade* of the horribles (because there are enough horrors to go around without a parade), but who on the other hand does not fail to see the poetry of ordinary events: the sickness of a child, the aging of a wife, a young girl's hysteria in the face of pressure.

In part one of *On the Edge* the themes of courage, "the frail dignity" of man, and the knowledge that to live is to fail, run through nearly every poem. What Levine knows about these things is hard-won stuff:

Those promises we heard
We heard in ignorance;
. . . . . .
And, in our innocence,
Assumed the beast was tamed.
On a bare limb, a bird,
Alone, arrived, with wings
Frozen, holds on, and sings.

Like his own "Sierra Kid" (the six poems which make up this saga of an old pioneer, an "aging son of Appleseed" are richly inventive), this poet knows that "All that we learn we learn too late,/ And it's not much." Still, in part one, there is a determination to create something enduring and worthwhile in the face of meaninglessness and defeat. It gets its best statement in the eloquent lyric "For Fran": "Out of whatever we have been/ We will make something for the dark."

Levine's determination to wrest something meaningful from life modulates sharply into an attack, in part two of *On the Edge*, on modern man's failure to develop his own humanity. In Levine's view, man is the victim of his own taste for terror, his "inner capitulation," and incredible callousness. This view, and the power with which Levine conveys it, is best seen in the four poems that make up "The Negatives," and in "Gangrene."

The material for these poems was provided by the Algerian Revolt, and "The Negatives" consists of four monologues, one each by four deserters from the French Colonial Army of North Africa. Indeed, the letter from Henri Bruette to his mistress, might be taken as typical of Levine's own astringent anger with the failure of human society to cope with its own capacity for, and delight in, producing suffering:

. . .; I have no pencil
no paper, only the blunt
end of my anger . . .
if I had words how could I
report the imperfect failure
for which I began to die?

But it is in "Gangrene" where the attack on inhumanity and callousness is driven home. After careful rendering of the torture of Algerian rebels by French soldiers, comes this harshly candid direct address to the reader:

Reader, does the heart demand
that you bend to the live wound
as you would bend
to the familiar body
of your beloved, to kiss
the green flower
which blooms always from the ground
human and ripe with terror,

to face with love what we have
made of hatred? We must live
with what we are . .
you say, it is enough. I
taste death. I am among you
and I accuse
you where, secretly thrilled by
the circus of excrement,

you study my strophes or
yawn into the evening air,
tired, not amused.
Remember what you have said
when from your pacific dream
you awaken
at last, deafened by the scream
of your own stench. You are dead.

Philip Levine's *On the Edge* is a remarkable first book. Its balance of toughness and sensitivity, its courage, its skill in handling a difficult range of subject matter, the clarity embodied in the language, the touches of humor that sting like alum, all make it a book that should be read by every nobody still interested seriously in poetry. Levine is a real comer.

Robert Dana

WHO SPRINGS THE TRAP?

Issues of Freedom In American Libraries, edited by Everett T. Moore. American Library Association, Chicago, 1964. 80pp. $1.75.

All censors assume the godlike attributes of omniscience and infallibility; that is, they KNOW what is dangerous for others to read and admit no other viewpoint than their own. Under analysis, the motive of a censor is to protect himself because he fears that his beliefs cannot endure if exposed to alternatives. Censorship of reading and attempts at such censorship have histories as old as the art of the recorded word. Civil governments, churches, schools, librarians, organizations of bankers, businesses, teachers, veterans, and Ladies Literary Clubs are but a few samples of censors past and present. The vast majority of mankind has long demonstrated a fear of knowledge, a resistance to the future, and a preference for companions who will agree. Controversy is never popular. Agree with me or else. . . .

Enter the censor.

Fortunately, the mind of man is no more than a composite of the minds of men, each mind a minority component of the whole. Each whim is opposed by countless other whims. This is the salvation of man: an inherent and atavistic impulse to resist the imposition of authority whether or not he understands the reason for his resistance or what it is he resists. One by one the ancient shackles imposed by censors are being broken to free men's minds.

In this continuous war for the minds of men, the

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libraries of the world are scarred battlegrounds. In *Issues of Freedom* American libraries have a detailed Battle Report of some recent skirmishes with the enemy censor. All these pieces were first published in the Intellectual Freedom department of the *ALA Bulletin.* They chronicle encounters with would-be-censors from Massachusetts to California and Gulf to Canada, 1960-1963. Grouped under the headings "Charges of Subversion, "On Defining Obscenity," "Concerning Our Children," and "Who May Use The Library," the whole is introduced by the most recent article, "The Nature Of Our Problem."

These articles deal with the efforts of censors to impose their wills on their fellows by the simple expedient of making nothing else available. In and out of courts, these pages record the tribulations of librarians and booksellers who had the gall to offer their publics such works as *The New Republic, Nation, Russia — Promise or Menace, The Power Elite, The White Collar, Tropic of Cancer,* the corpus of D. H. Lawrence, *The Last Temptation of Christ, The Catcher in The Rye, Brave New World, Look Homeward, Angel, The Sun Also Rises,* and, to add a dimension, those two horrors, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Little Black Sambo.*

Sometimes the librarians won. Sometimes they lost.

Frightening aspects remain after reading *Issues of Freedom.* This book deals with about twenty cases representing about 15,000 libraries. What about the other 14,900? What word of the unheralded battles with local censors? Were they won or lost? Were they even fought? How many battles are lost each day because librarians do not buy books lest they prove to be controversial? What happens to the readers who find that *Modern Age* and *National Review* have appeared on the periodical shelves to replace *Nation* and *New Republic*? Who prods those librarians who choose to create "an atmosphere of caution" by insipid book selection? What about the danger from the right? Justice William O. Douglas declares in *Freedom of the Mind* that "the curious man — the dissenter — the innovator — the one who taunts and teases or makes a caricature of our prejudices is often our salvation. Yet throughout history he has been burned or booed, hung or exiled, imprisoned or tortured, for pricking the bubble of contemporary dogma."

It is the censors who spring the traps and touch the flame to the faggots.

Issues of Freedom is highly recommended to prick the bubble of your complacency.

Bernard E. Richardson

Records

A number of opera recordings for the specialist and the experimenter have come my way this quarter. First, two imports recorded by Italian Cetra: a *La Boheme* (LPC 1269) and Mascagni's *Il Piccolo Marat* (LPC 1268). What makes the *Boheme* special is that it's by Leoncavallo, not Puccini. Both composers worked on the same subject at the same time. Puccini finished first and produced his *Boheme* a year and eight months before Leoncavallo's. Posterity has judged rightly—the Puccini score is the one worthy of survival. But Leoncavallo's has high merits of its own. It's astonishing how closely the two composers approached one another in idiom; the subject inspired both to do very similar things in the Cafe Momus scene and in Mimi's death scene. The performance is by second-rate singers and a second-rate orchestra (the San Remo Philharmonic), but it is good enough to convey the high quality of Leoncavallo's work, and we are not likely to get a better for another generation or two.

Mascagni's *Piccolo Marat,* a study of sadism and heroism during the French Revolution, is an earnest but rather inept affair, at its best when it is shamelessly plagiarizing Giordano's *Andrea Chenier.* Dating from 1919, it occasionally shows some interesting orchestral combinations and melodic wisps of the old Mascagni of *Cavalleria Rusticana*; otherwise, it is a sad reminder of how soon this composer's talent burned out. The performance is excellent, with Nicola Rossi Lemeni as the evil "Orco" (Ogre), Giuseppe Gismondo a young-voiced Piccolo Marat, and Virginia Zeani (a dramatic soprano with one of the biggest voices since Milanov) as the pathetic Mariella. Unfortunately, neither this nor the *Boheme* is designed for the English-speaking consumer; both contain garrulous notes and full librettos, all in Italian.

The problem doesn't come up with London's new *Trial by Jury* (OSA 1155), which is in mostly-comprehensible English and has a libretto to help you through the garbled patter sections. I have come to Gilbert and Sullivan slowly and reluctantly (like most other snobs), but *Trial* is a delightful thing and has won me over unconditionally. The true G&S fan will want this recording especially because it contains five excerpts from the hitherto unrecorded *Utopia Ltd.* These show Sullivan at the top of his lyric bent and Gilbert lagging sadly behind. The performances are by the D'Oyly Carte people.

London also issues the first uncut recording of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri* (OSA 1375). The magnificent Angel recording of eight-or-so years ago cut three of the musical numbers and managed to get the opera on two records. London takes three, the sound is better, the performance full of verve but still not up to the Angel: the cackling first-act finale is not as crisp and precise and none of the singers are quite as good as their counter-parts except Teresa Berganza, who, in her gentler way, turns in a performance as incredibly virtuosic as Giulietta Simionato's. The rest of the cast includes Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena (who is out of his vocal element as Mustafa), and Rolando Panerai. The Florence May Festival Orchestra is conducted by Silvio Varviso. What a marvelous opera this is—and written by a twenty-one-year-old composer!

Another curiosity is *Le Pre aux Clercs,* excerpts from which have been issued by Westminster (WST-17062). The last stage work by a once celebrated French composer, Louis Joseph Herold, it thrilled Parisian audiences in 1832. The mixture, so far as these excerpts per-

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mit me to judge, is simple Boieldieu and flashy Meyerbeer. Whenever Meyerbeer predominates the score is great fun; the orchestration is particularly free swinging and imaginative. The singers include Renèe Doria (a stratospheric coloratura with a solid middle range) and Michel Sénéchal (an all-nasal tenor who ought to stick with Rameau and leave the romantics alone).

To proceed from all this operatic gingerbread to liturgical ashes, Argo, a London Records subsidiary, has issued in one fell deluge just about all the Tudor church music that you're likely to require. They've sent me (at my own rash request, I admit it) two volumes of the anthems and psalms and magnificats and organ voluntaries of Orlando Gibbons (RG 80; ZRG 5151), some of the same by Thomas Tomkins (ZRG 5249), the (surely ironically titled) *Fancies* of John Jenkins (RG 73), and a mixture of organ and vocal pieces by Thomas Weelkes and Thomas Tallis (ZRG 5237). I have listened to all this music, and find that both the instrumental pieces and the choral ones tend to flow together into one indistinguishable bland expression; nothing can be remembered two minutes after it's been heard. There are two striking exceptions in the series, however: Handel's four Coronation Anthems (ZRG 5369) and a remarkably suave and melodic a capella mass by the early sixteenth-century John Taverner, subtitled "The Western Wind" (ZRG 5316). Handel, of course, is not Tudor, but resplendently Georgian. Taverner is at times almost romantic in his expressiveness. The choirs and performers are enlisted from Cambridge and Oxford Universities.

The Bach Guild offers all of Bach's concertos for two or more harpsichords on two separate discs (BGS-70659/60) performed by I Solisti di Zagreb and a contingent of harpsichordists led by Anton and Erna Heiller. Personally, I find the outer movements of Bach's keyboard concertos tedious; he sets things going at a fast, rhythmically unvaried clip and sticks to it grimly. There is no contrast, no surprise, no imaginative use of the orchestra; nothing, in fact, but impeccable counterpoint. The slow movements are better and more imaginative, although they never work me up the way a Handel slow movement can. Most of these double, triple, and quadruple concertos are arrangements of pieces by Bach himself or Vivaldi. One of them, the Concerto for 2 Harpsichords in C Minor, is an arrangement of the famous D Minor Concerto for two violins and receives its first recorded performance here. Infinitely more varied and finer works than these harpsichord concertos are Bach's Partitas for solo keyboard. All six of them have been got onto two records by the pianist Joerg Demus (Westminster 17067/8) by dint of ignoring most of the repeats. This is all right with me, and Demus does a beautiful job of conveying the richness of these scores. He has a serious rival, however, in Glenn Gould, whose Columbia set shows equal control and a more fiery imagination.

A new "Haffner" Serenade is provided by Rafael Kubelik and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra on Deutsche Grammophon (138 869). Surprisingly, Kubelik fails to take advantage of the orchestral opportunities of this score, bearing down heavily on strings and letting the wonderful wind parts fend for themselves. His beat is somewhat square, too. But all eight movements are included and this is the best "Haffner" available. Another DGG Mozart release includes the Masonic Funeral Dirge, the Adagio and Fugue in C Minor for string orchestra, and the first recording of one of the lesser masses, the Missa Brevis in C, subtitled "Organ-solo Mass" (136 398). This impressive record throws in, for good measure, a stirring Te Deum by Joseph Haydn, written in the period of his greatest mastery. The early Mozart Mass is pleasant but negligible. The other pieces, directed by Ferenc Fricsay, are all well worth owning. A lesser eighteenth-century figure, Karl Dittersdorf, provides three charmingly negligible concertos on a Westminster issue (17060), one (the best) for harpsichord, one for flute, and a sinfonia concertante for the peculiar combination of viola and contrabass. No revelations here; Dittersdorf is distinctly minor league; but I'll take him over Orlando Gibbons any day. The harpsichordist, Veyron-Lacroix, is impressive; the flutist, Kurt Redel (who also conducts) has, as the commercials say, a breath problem. Finally, in our eighteenth-century survey, some charming suites for strings: the Don Quixote Suite of Telemann, an *Echo Suite* for two orchestras by the youthful Haydn, and (from the late seventeenth century) a suite drawn from Purcell's *Fairy Queen* music —all done to a T by the Wiener Solisten on Bach Guild (BGS-70662).

From my own particular era, the early nineteenth century, only one non-operatic recording of interest has turned up—three overtures by Schubert, rarely or never recorded before: the *Italian Overture* in C, and the overtures to his first and last operas, *Des Teufels Lustschloss* and *Fierrabras* (London CS 6382). I tend to be irrational about Schubert, loving his worst productions and worshipping his best. Let's say that I love these overtures; you, who are probably more sensible in these matters, will find them middling (the *Italian Overture*) to awful (*Des Teufels Lustschloss*). The Vienna Philharmonic is conducted by Istvan Kertesz in a heavy-handed manner. The over-side contains the *Unfinished Symphony,* which I worship but could not bring myself to listen to again.

Music Guild (S-58) offers the finest performance of Alban Berg's *Lyric Suite* for string quartet ever to be recorded. The Parrenin Quartet, a French group, does a truly wizardly job with this difficult work. Like much of Berg, this is chaotic, rhapsodic music, and it generally gives me indigestion. But the Parrenins almost convince me that it really is "lyrical." Side two contains Berg's short String Quartet, Op. 3. The same company presents chamber music by two conservative modern Italians, Pizzetti and Ghedini (S-55). Pizzetti's Piano Trio sounds as though it will stand up under repeated hearings more successfully than the Seven Ricercari for piano Trio by Ghedini, on the surface a more original work. Both are performed by the Trio di Bolzano.

David Johnson

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